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SEPTEMBER 21, 1957

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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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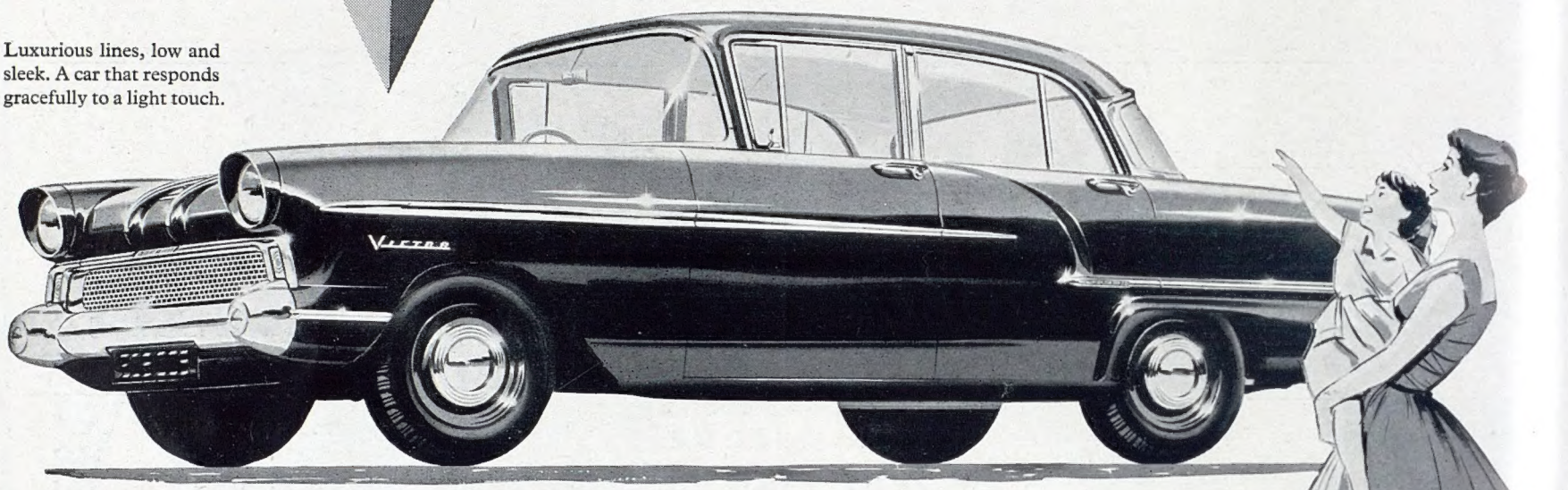

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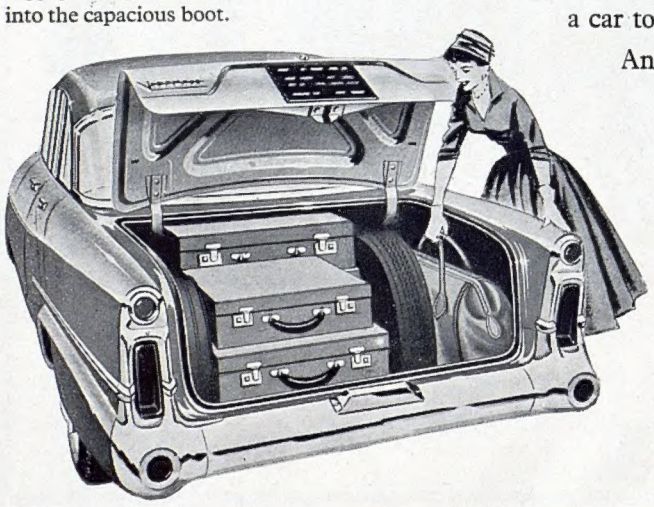

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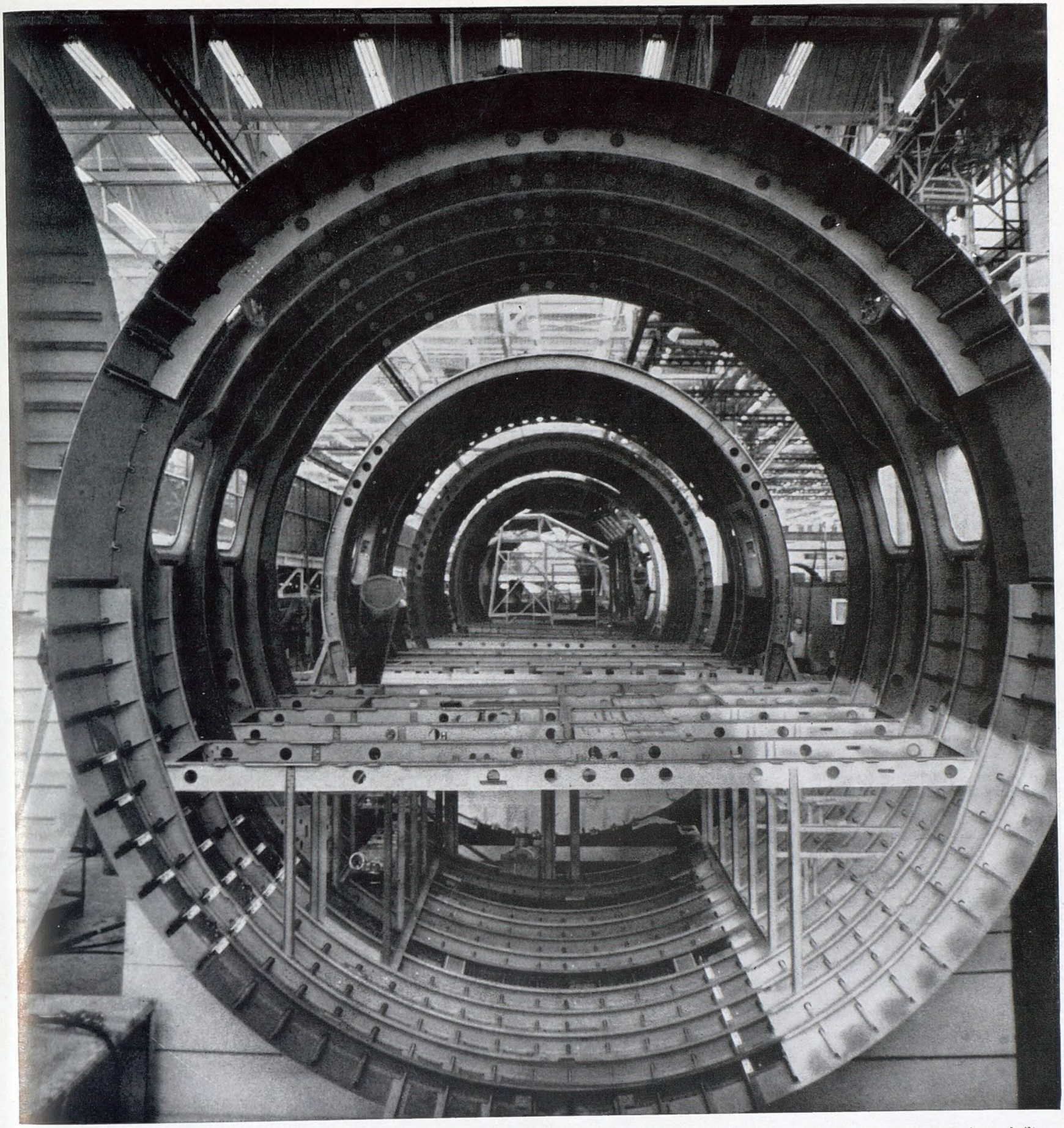

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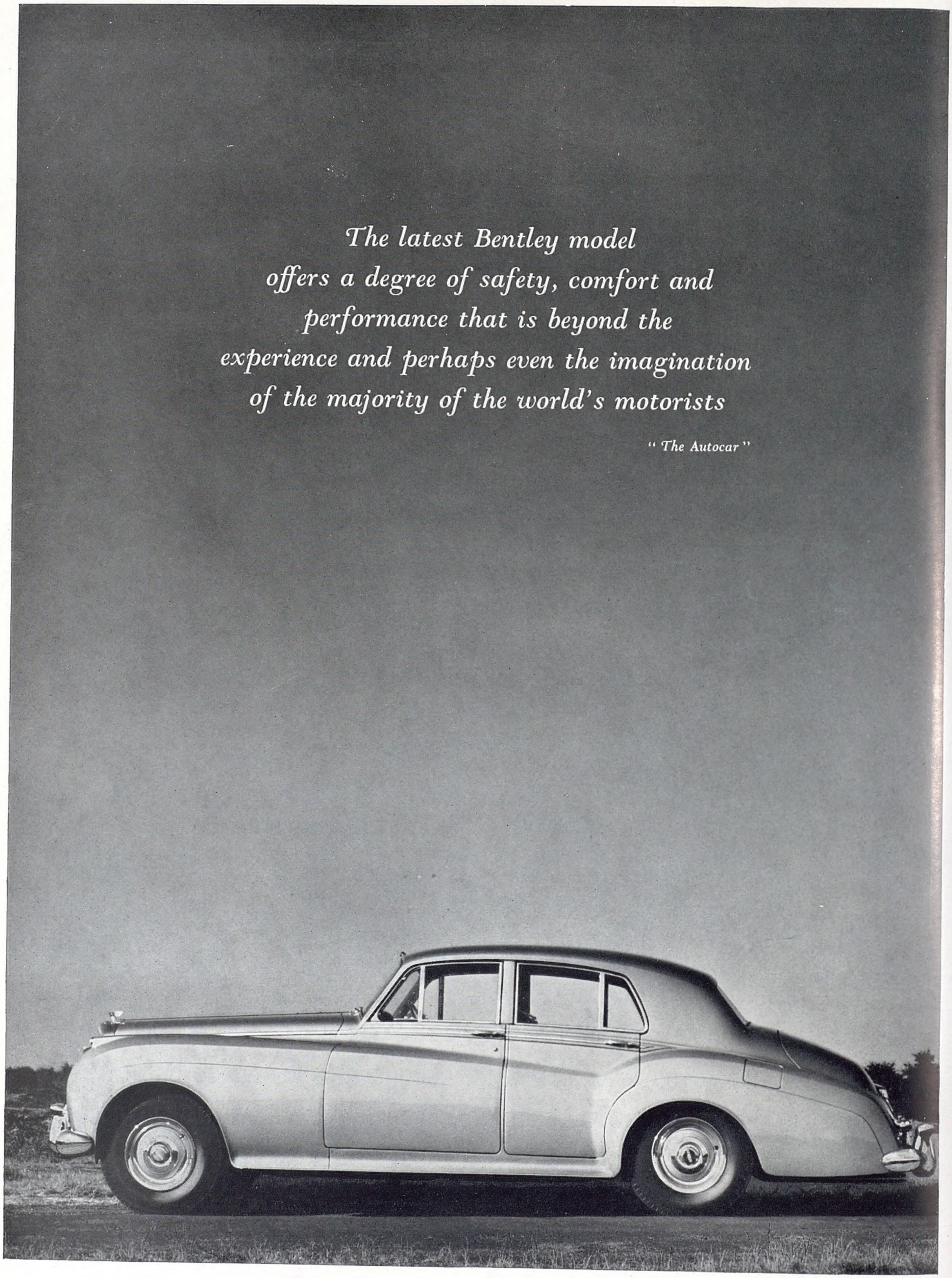

Take a BENTLEY into partnership

Volume CCXXX No. 2999

The SPHERE, London, September 21, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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ASSEMBLING FOR THE NATO AUTUMN EXERCISES—WARSHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY ANCHORED IN THE CLYDE: In the foreground are the U.S. battleship *Iowa* (45,000 tons) and the radar picket destroyer U.S.S. *O'Hare*. Beyond them other American ships lie between Little Cumbrae and the Tail of the Bank. By last week-end a large section of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Fleet had gathered in the Clyde, the biggest national contributions coming from America and Britain.

This year's naval exercises of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation are being held in the North-East Atlantic area. They will continue at intervals until the middle of November. Royal naval ships concerned are more numerous than those assembled on the Home Station during recent years. In command of them is the C.-in-C., Admiral Sir John Eccles, flying his flag in the depot ship *Maidstone*, which earlier this month visited Helsinki for the British Trade Fair and Exhibition. The strong British carrier force consists of four ships, all of which have been completed since the war. Other major ships include two cruisers, four Daring class ships, two squadrons of destroyers, two squadrons of frigates and one squadron of submarines. America has sent over eighty-five vessels. Among them are the largest warships afloat—the aircraft-carriers *Saratoga* and *Forrestal*—several smaller carriers, two battleships and the atomic-powered submarine *Nautilus*. Altogether there are about 250 vessels in the NATO Fleet. The exercises began soon after Moscow had announced the start of Soviet naval exercises in the Arctic. (Further NATO pictures on pages 410-11.)

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CATAMARAN SPEED TRIALS: J. Fisk, of Canvey, and Captain Donald Wicks are caught by a gust of wind in their catamaran at Burnham-on-Crouch during the annual regatta. Because of stormy weather, yachting was cancelled on this particular day and speed trials of catamarans were held instead.

THE DONCASTER YEARLING SALES: A colt by Tudor Minstrel out of Game o Doncaster during the St. Leger Meeting. The property of the Earl o five lots made 78,830 guineas. The total was lower than on th

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Wolfenden Report.—"There is a realm of private immorality which is not the law's business." That must be admitted. Gluttony, for example, or private drinking or even jealousy can be classed as immoral and the law takes no note of them, so long as they don't result in public mischief. The origin of the penal laws against homosexuality is "largely obscure." For that reason, among many more potent, the Wolfenden Committee feels justified in recommending drastic alterations in them. It was generally assumed three years ago that a big majority of the Committee would recommend non-interference by the law in the practices of adult homosexuals-by-consent. I don't know why we felt so sure. We have no doubt gradually been "softened up" to a much more tolerant (some would say, sentimental) attitude to such "physically or mentally-afflicted misdemeanants," over whose misfortunes many modern psychoanalysts seek to evoke our sympathy. For my part, I never find any difficulty in feeling tolerance for all who practise vices in which I have been spared the temptation to indulge, and indeed for others which I have hitherto managed to keep in check or elude. "There but for the grace of God. . . ." Yet, obscure as the origins of the penal laws against homosexuality may appear to practically all members of the Committee, who have made exhaustive research and heard a quantity of evidence (and indeed in their recommendations they have the full support of the Church of England Moral Welfare Society and of the Howard League), I subscribe to the minority report of Mr. Adair. I even feel that the original arguments which led to the imposition of those laws were valid then and still are so. The Law may have always disregarded many examples of private immorality, but it is a big responsibility for Parliament at this period to increase the "free" list, and I shall be very much surprised if we find this recommendation implemented in an Act of Parliament in the next decade. We are still watching anxiously the effect of being "kind to the killer." History has many examples for our learning of morally decadent peoples collapsing politically, from Sodom and Gomorrha onwards, and I can't see any Government enlarging the list of private immoralities which are "not the Law's business"; least of all because the Law finds a particular one difficult to deal with.

Back to Victorianism?—If any Victorian grandmother survives to-day with all her Victorian conventions and reticences intact, she must find it hard to shield her eyes and ears from "unmentionable" topics. From every cottage window the B.B.C. blares out its discussions on homosexuality; the once prim *Times* applauds the good sense and wisdom of allowing gentlemen to indulge their queer tastes without fear of the Law or the blackmailer and every sensational newspaper daily splashes its front page with word pictures and illustrations of sexual crimes. We have gone a long way since my youth to debunk Victorianism and to let in light and air on "those stuffy Victorian cupboards and their dusty skeletons." Or *have we*? It suddenly occurred to me that, after all, the Wolfenden Committee, with its widely applauded recommendations, is striving to do no more and no less than to re-inter in the aired cupboards the same old skeletons. The prostitutes must be driven off our streets (because they shock American visitors), and the "queer" gentlemen may indulge their tastes without any fear of "unpleasantness," so long as they draw down the blinds. Perhaps the new Elizabethans, no less than the Victorians, are escapists still, and, in the name of common sense and realism, seek to compromise with evils by hiding them in cupboards. But the Wolfenden Report has clearly and fairly analysed some social evils which require intense and immediate scientific research and I hope that the next few years may see that research carried out with a view to facilitating legal reforms in an atmosphere less controversial and with fuller knowledge of the problems and difficulties involved. At the moment both America and England are deeply concerned with the effect of the loosening of all moral standards on juvenile delinquency. It is hardly the moment for liberal legislation to reduce the Law's moral responsibility.

Crimes of Violence.—The Homicide Act became law last March 21. Since then I have read statistics which put crimes of violence ending in deaths at one a day, more than twice as many as at the peak of the wave which followed World War Two and lasted four years. Such statistics are *prima facie* a useful handle for those who most bitterly opposed the "Be kind to the killer" Bill. But the present crime series would need to be closely examined before a firm pronouncement could be made that the Homicide Act has quickly fulfilled the worst forebodings of its opposers. Many of the daily-featured crimes of violence would not, before March 21, have brought their perpetrators to the gallows. That there is a new and serious wave of violent crimes is undoubted. The publicity they receive in the sensational papers every day cannot be dismissed as an exaggerated picture and merely the result of editors giving their holiday readers the news they most enjoy on the beach and in the caravan parks. It may be that the Act is already proving too kind to the killers of babies. And though it sometimes seems to-day that to rifle a safe or till, and to snatch a pay-packet bag or a car, is as easy as falling off a greasy log, sooner or later the successful thieves pay the penalty in a vast majority of cases. A lay magistrate is always conscious of the amount of time, sometimes amounting to half-a-day's duty, wasted in court by constables waiting to give evidence in a trivial traffic offence which may be no more serious than a minor parking fault. At the moment, the lay magistrates are considering a circular from Authority which may result in permitting certain minor offenders in non-indictable crimes and misdemeanours to send a plea of guilty without the obligation of attendance in court. There must be safeguards, of course. At present, a defendant is entitled to a "say" in court when, after conviction, his previous convictions are read out. But justice requires that, if he pleads guilty *in absentia*, the Bench must know his criminal record before sentence. Something will come of this desirable reform and it will greatly relieve the police force and afford them many more valuable daily hours for crime prevention, which is far more important even than detection and punishment.

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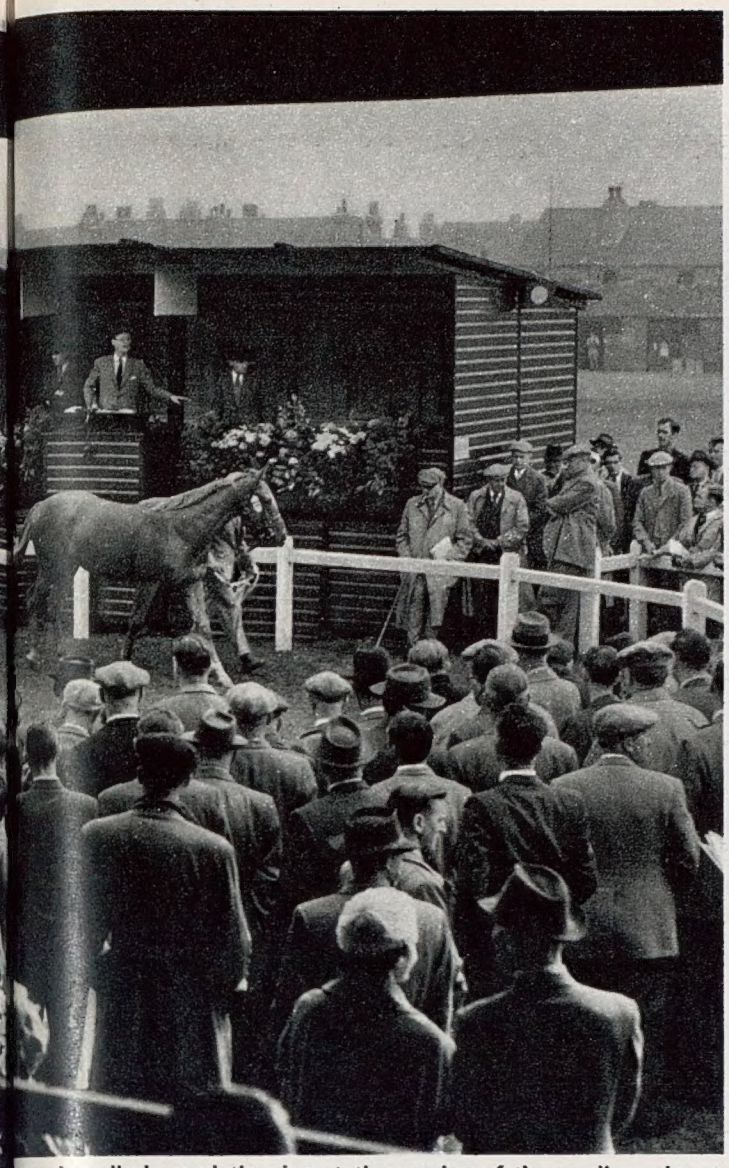
George VI.—After years of research and literary labour, the official biographer of King George VI, I understand, has finished his work and submitted his draft for final approval to the Sovereign. It seems that another biography of George VI, under the title of *The Improbable King*, is beginning to appear in serialised form in a Sunday paper. It is by A. J. P. Taylor, of Oxford and TV. An



...ance is walked round the ring at the opening of the yearling sales at ...rnarvon, the colt was sold for 2,600 guineas. During the day seventy-...rresponding day last year, when seventy-six lots made 105,185 guineas.

THE FINISH OF THE ST. LEGER: Ballymoss, ridden by T. P. Burns, leads the field just before winning the St. Leger. Close behind is Court Harwell (A. Breasley), who was second. Brioche, on the rails, was third. Ballymoss, owned by Mr. J. McShain, an American, is trained in Ireland by V. O'Brien.

...fficial biographer has little need to be upset by literary "short-heading" and cutting-in. He has at his disposal all the known sources, official and private, which alone can make a balanced and true biography. None the less, many readers are satisfied with a single book on a given subject and many readers prefer the sensational and the guess-work to the sober and strict truth. That being so, *The Improbable King*, with its title so suggestive of the sensational, may well reduce the number of buyers and readers of the official biography. And that will be a great pity and will be so felt by the Royal Family. Such "cuttings-in" are very common when the official or "full-dress" biographies of public men are on the stocks, as I have every reason to know. They cannot weaken the authority of the writer who has all relevant sources at his disposal, but they certainly reduce the number of his readers and do no service to the truth of history, which needs all the help and encouragement it can get to separate itself from rumour, sensation and guess-work.

Improving Our Roads.—As I turn south again, I must give a word of praise to the efforts made since last year to improve our main roads north. There is no doubt at all that A.1 has made some progress to wipe out its evil reputation as the most boring, ugly, frustrating and tiresome trunk road in Britain. At its northern end towards Scotch Corner, the going is now good with a considerable stretch of double track, and even the rather pathetic little half-mile stretches of double track further south enable one to pass lorries in convoy and some of those terrors of the road which travel under police protection and jut out, as they pass through villages, to graze the shop windows. It still seems to me odd that such terrors of the road are not compelled to travel only during hours when the road is comparatively empty. But when one travels on A.1, at least one has a chance to learn exactly what is implied in terms of labour when double-tracking or widening even a 100-yard stretch is in progress. The gangs of men employed, the tree-felling, the bank-cutting, the bulldozing, the earth-removal, the foundation-laying, the concrete-mixers, the watchmen and the emergency traffic signals—it is easy to criticise the badness of our roads; one needs to see in order to believe the cost and the difficulties in times of stringency and full employment of a continuous programme of improvement. For many years the roads north from Buckinghamshire to Bawtry have been more than adequate, as they have from Scotch Corner to Edinburgh. When A.1, that vital industrialised link, has been brought a little nearer those standards, the problem of the Doncaster bottleneck may be tackled and A.1 at last lose its sorry reputation.

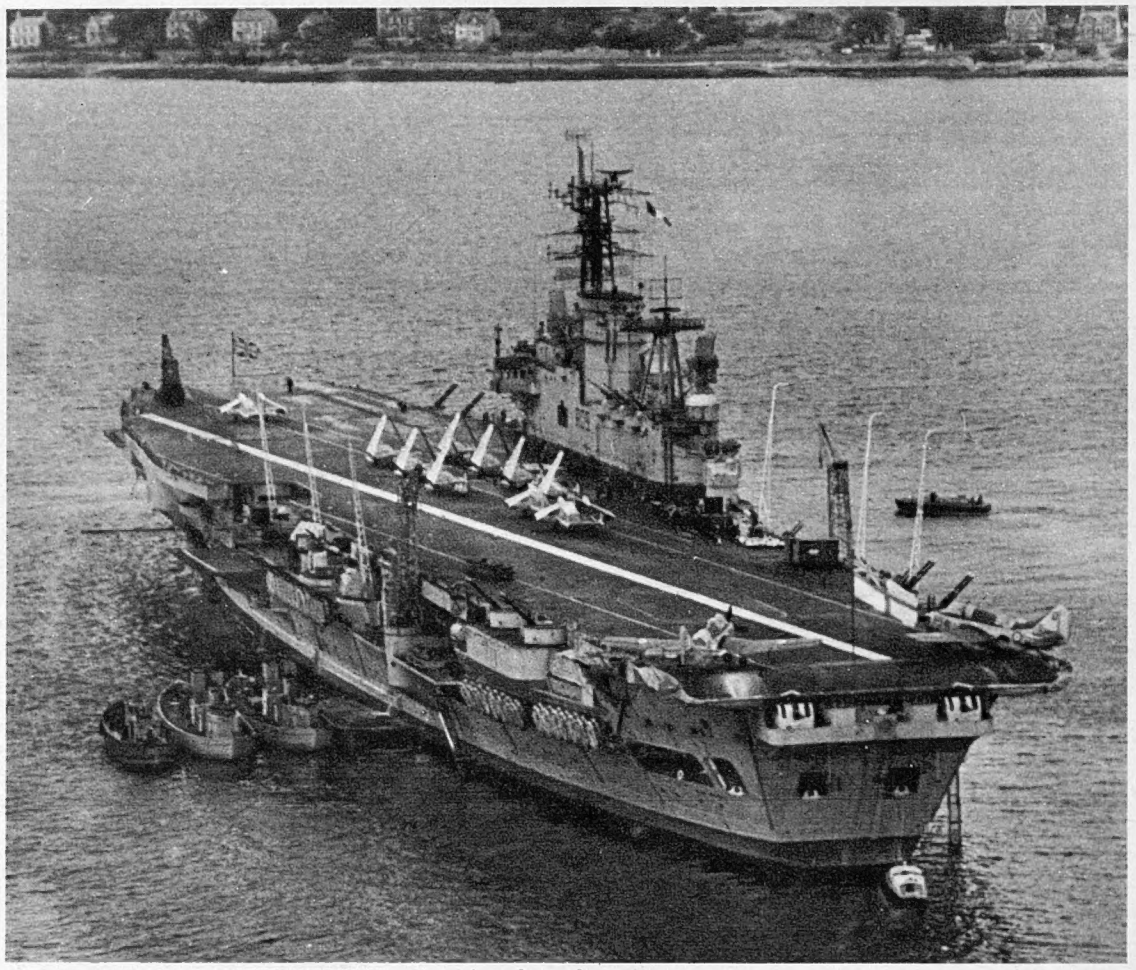
Invitation to the Waltz—No sooner has the Russian delegate smashed the last hope of any preliminary to general disarmament than the Kremlin proposes another meeting of the big Powers to concert measures to make the world less explosive. And every time our political correspondents told us that the five-month deliberations of the Disarmament Conference were finally and irretrievably of non-effect, we read that the sub-committee would "meet again to-morrow." The tragi-comedy makes cynics of us all. Alice-in-Wonderland would be astonished by such modern games of croquet played under rules so unruly, with implements so bizarre, with such superb disregard of sportsmanship and such minute attention to gamesmanship. We have come to feel that if by some miracle of chance, some player fluked through a hoop, both sides would deplore the accident, as putting an end to their fun and games. This time, it seems, although neither side has fluked through a hoop, the game at Lancaster House has been adjourned *sine die*. Perhaps the place is wanted for some other sport.

SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN PREPARES TO BROADCAST: The Chairman of the Committee on the Laws relating to Homosexuality and Prostitution sits in a studio at Broadcasting House before discussing the report in Woman's Hour in the B.B.C. sound programmes.

Moray Firth Close-up.—I often discover on Highland holidays matters which the Scots order better than do the Southerners. Certainly their educational system seems to turn out children of all ages with far better manners and far more bright and forthcoming in casual conversation than are found in England, at any rate near London. But in the problem of litter, I do not find that they have got nearer a solution than the English, and they cannot charge much of that litter to the account of English tourists. The Moray Firth looks lovely from a distance in any sort of weather. Close-ups are not so attractive. The Inverness Burgh might evolve some scheme to spare the Firth from being the dump of all the area's refuse. Petty Bay seems to be the centre of this nastiness. Here above high-water-mark you may examine a varied collection of oil drums, tins, cartons, books, newspapers and private correspondence. And, as if to set the seal of authority on the chosen dump you will certainly find discarded correspondence from the files of the Burgh Surveyor's office, the Hospital Board, the Hydro-Electric Board and the County Council offices, indents, plans, and so on. No local authority can hope to control what is dropped or shed from shipping. That is a central government affair and hitherto very unsatisfactorily handled. And where children and trippers play on beaches, there will cartons collect, despite all efforts at control. But the northern capital's burghers could do more to control and liquidate their own official correspondence and such metal as old cars and bedsteads which the sea does not carry ashore.

The Highland Tourist.—I often wonder if tourists to the Highlands have any clear idea of what they can see and of what they want to see, the Crathie Church peepshow and the Braemar Gathering excepted. With September a welcome improvement in tourist traffic was observed. The buses multiplied on the roads and I was amused to observe six full bus-loads decanted and halted for as long as a quarter-hour at "Cumberland's Stone," just beyond the Culloden battlefield. Whether or not Cumberland directed the twenty-minute battle from that stone, it is a relic which, except to a geologist, could hardly afford a quarter-hour's interest, though half an hour might well be allotted to the cairns of the clans and to the well. It is my belief that the bulk of the tourists leave it to the driver to apportion their day's sightseeing and that sometimes in doing so, he serves his own convenience or interests. Especially so, when busload after busload is decanted before the factories which sell tweeds and plaids and gorgeous tartan ties and brilliant pullovers. I imagine there may be business for the driver there.

THE OLD STAGER



ONE OF BRITAIN'S LARGEST WARSHIPS: The aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal* lies in the Clyde with some of her aircraft on her angled flight deck. She had arrived for the conference last week which preceded the start of the naval exercises of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. With *Ark Royal* in the large Royal naval contingent is Britain's other 46,000-ton carrier and largest warship in commission, H.M.S. *Eagle*. Two smaller post-war aircraft-carriers—*Albion* and *Bulwark* (each of 27,000 tons)—make up the British Carrier Force in the exercises which are continuing at intervals until the middle of November in the North-East Atlantic area. The bulk of the ships of all kinds in the 250-strong fleet are British or American.

THE NAVY OF THE WEST

British and American Warships in the NATO Naval Exercises

THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FORRESTAL" DISPLAYS HER MIGHT: On the angled flight-deck, adapted from the British design, are a variety of the powerful aircraft carried in this huge 60,000-ton vessel. *Forrestal* and her sister-ship *Saratoga*, which is also taking part in the NATO exercises, are the largest warships afloat. But even they will be dwarfed when the United States of America builds the atomic-powered aircraft-carrier now being planned in Washington. This giant will displace 85,000 tons.

ROTHESAY PROVIDES ANCHORAGE FOR SOME OF THE SMALLER VESSELS GATHERED FOR THE NATO NAVAL EXERCISES: Most of the ships in this picture are American. Behind the port on the Island of Bute are to the left Loch Ead and to the right Loch Greenan. Beyond the Island is the channel of the Sound of Bute, behind which is the Isle of Arran with the tops of its hills shrouded in mist. The NATO fleet, probably the most up-to-date of all naval forces, requires a large number of support vessels.

A 100,000,000-DOLLAR BATTLESHIP FROM AMERICA: U.S.S. *Wisconsin* is seen here in the Clyde with attendant vessels. When she was completed in 1944 her cost was stated to be 100,000,000 dollars (nearly £36,000,000). She is one of the two U.S. battleships in this year's NATO exercises, the other being *Iowa*. For most participants, the most interesting ship in the American contingent is the *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic-powered submarine. It is the first time she has exercised with NATO.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DR. KONRAD ADENAUER VOTES ON HIS DAY OF VICTORY: The West German Chancellor places his ballot-paper in the box in a booth in Bonn, for which constituency he was returned again as a member of the Bundestag. Last Sunday's elections in the Federal Republic were a great personal triumph for his leadership of the Christian Democratic Union. As the results came in it was clear that the C.D.U. was going to increase its representation and thus ensure a continuance of Dr. Adenauer's Government. Before midnight the S.D.P. (Socialists), who were the only serious opponents, conceded the election to Dr. Adenauer. Apart from the German Party, which supports the Adenauer regime and has a small number of seats by arrangement with the C.D.U., no other party could have satisfaction at the results. By Monday night it seemed that allocations of seats would be: Government 287; Socialists 169 and Liberals 41.

LEADER OF THE SOCIALISTS WHOSE HOPES WERE DISPELLED: Herr Erich Ollenhauer, the leader of the Socialists, votes in the West German elections. Although he was personally re-elected, his party never came near to defeating the C.D.U.

On right—

FRENCH CABINET MINISTER IN A PENSIVE MOOD: M. Robert Lacoste (on left), who is Minister for Algeria, talks to M. Pierre Metayer, Secretary of State for the Ground Forces, after a Cabinet meeting at the Elysée Palace in Paris last week. The French Government agreed on reforms in Algeria. These include the setting up of a central executive there, in addition to the formation of local assemblies and local government councils.

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS IN NEW YORK: The Archbishop stands in an open car as he drives through New York to the City Hall, after his arrival on board the Greek liner *Queen Frederica*, last week. He stated that he intended to stay in the United States for about three months and that the prime reason for his visit was to plead for the independence of Cyprus before the United Nations. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, before leaving London for New York last week-end, denied rumours that the British Government was preparing to give up Cyprus and award it complete independence. However, he declared that the Government stood by the proposals of the Radcliffe Committee, which would only leave Britain in control of defence, external affairs and internal security of Cyprus.

THE AMERICAN AIRLIFT OF ARMS TO JORDAN: At Amman Airport, the American Military Attaché, Colonel Sweeney (in peaked cap), and the Chief of Staff of the Jordan Army, General Habes Majali (with his foot in the jeep), examine one of the military vehicles which had just been delivered by American aircraft. *On left*—A number of jeeps, each carrying a recoilless anti-tank gun, are lined up in front of some of the aircraft which flew them to Amman. As a counter-measure to the supply of arms to Syria by the Soviet Union, the Americans have speeded up deliveries of their arms to Jordan. By airlifts from the U.S. and from Germany, anti-tank weapons, automatic guns, and vehicles have reached Amman.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—
THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: Old Comrades of the Royal Air Force march past Sir John Salmond in Birdcage Walk, after attending the annual Battle of Britain Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey. Sir John Salmond is senior Marshal of the Royal Air Force. As the march-past came to an end a Spitfire and a Hurricane, followed by a Javelin twin-jet all-weather fighter, flew overhead. At the thanksgiving service the Queen was represented by Air Chief Marshal Sir Claude Pelly. Other services were also held to commemorate the anniversary and many R.A.F. stations were opened to the public. At the airfield at Biggin Hill, in Kent, from which many of "the Few" operated during 1940, a font was dedicated for use in the chapel. It was presented by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, as President of the R.A.F. Association.

AS THE SIXTY-THIRD SEASON OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS DREW TO A CLOSE: Sir Malcolm Sargent, standing on his streamer-decked rostrum, acknowledges the applause at the end of the concert on the last night of the proms in the Royal Albert Hall. Standing in front of Sir Malcolm are some of the "promenaders." As usual, the concert included many of the works which now form a traditional part of the programme for the last night. This year 300,000 people attended the concerts, which is an average of 6,000 a concert.

"HORSEMAN'S SUNDAY" ON EPSOM DOWNS: A general view of the scene at Tattenham Corner, showing a section of the vast crowd of riders and others who attended the service conducted by the Venerable Windsor Roberts, Archdeacon of Dorking, and the Rev. A. F. Bird, Vicar of Burgh Heath. After the service there was a parade of horses.

B.R.M.s TRIUMPH AT SILVERSTONE: *Left*—Jean Behra, at the wheel of a B.R.M., flashes across the finishing-line to win the International Trophy Race at Silverstone. B.R.M.s also took second and third places. They were driven by Harry Schell and Ron Flockhart. In the first heat Behra set up a new lap record of 103·3 m.p.h. *Right*—The start of the Trophy Race. Behra is in car No. 6. In the production touring car race the winner of the general category was Mike Hawthorn in a Jaguar.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SOUTH-EAST ASIA TALKS: The new Secretary-General of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation (S.E.A.T.O.), Pote Sarasin, on the right, talks with the President of Pakistan, Iskander Mirza, at the Presidential Residence in Karachi. Mr. Sarasin, formerly Siamese Ambassador in the United States, spent two days in the capital of Pakistan discussing foreign affairs with officials there during his first tour of all the nations in S.E.A.T.O.

FIRST GERMAN ATOMIC REACTOR: The Bavarian Premier, Dr. Wilhelm Hoegner, inspects the control room of Germany's first atomic reactor, which is situated at Garching, near Munich. Thirty-nine natural uranium bars worth 60,000 dollars (£21,400) have been sent to the Federal German Republic by the United States Government to start off the reactor. It is of the "Swimming-Pool" type and is attached to a technical laboratory of Munich University. The building of the reactor began in the autumn of last year and was completed recently. The steel shell structure is about 46 ft. in diameter and 100 ft. high. The walls are 4 ins. thick.

On right—

EXPLOSION IN AMERICA: A detective examines the rubble of the Hattie Cotton school, in Nashville, Tennessee. The school was blown up last week during the current agitation in the Southern States of the U.S.A. against racial integration in education. The explosion took place a few hours after the admission of the first Negro child to enter the school had taken place. An official of the Nashville Schools Board said that outside agitators had been "stirring up trouble."

THE OPENING OF THE COLNE OYSTER FISHERY: The Mayor of Colchester, Councillor C. E. Wheeler, and members of the board of the Colne Oyster Fishery haul in the first dredge to open the oyster season at Brightlingsea, in Essex. This year's crop should be of better quality than usual.

STONE-BREAKING IN A CAIRO GAOL: Mr. Zarb picks up rocks in a quarry. It is reported that he and Mr. Swinburn share a cell and that they are now employed on ornamental stonework in Tourah Prison.

BRITISH PRISONERS IN EGYPT: Mr. James Zarb and Mr. James Swinburn make some purchases in the canteen of Tourah Prison, near Cairo. They were sentenced in the Cairo spy trial of last June, Mr. Zarb to serve ten years imprisonment and Mr. Swinburn to serve five years. The former is a Maltese businessman and the latter was the Cairo business manager of the Arab News Agency. Last week, after a visit to the two prisoners by Major T. Wallace, an Elder of the Church of Scotland, there were reports of renewed activity on the part of the British Government to obtain their release. A Foreign Office spokesman in London said that British efforts on behalf of the two men were being made through the Swiss authorities, who used their good offices throughout the trial and are continuing to do so. Egyptian sources state that the appeals of Mr. Zarb and Mr. Swinburn will be heard next January. Last week Colonel Hatem, Director-General of Egyptian Information Services, said in London that the cases were now in the hands of the courts and not of the Government.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEW RADIO TRANSMITTER IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Emir Fahd, the Saudi Arabian Minister of Education, reads a speech on behalf of his father, King Saud, at the inauguration of a new radio transmitter in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. This is the first part of a project designed to make Saudi Arabian transmitters the most powerful in the Middle East.

KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA IN GERMANY: He is seen with one of his sons, a Press attaché and a bodyguard at the Hahnhof Hotel, in Baden-Baden, Germany. It was reported that he had gone to Baden to undergo medical treatment.

MR. GOMULKA IN BELGRADE: On his arrival in the Yugoslav capital the Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party drives with President Tito from the airport. It was their first encounter for nine years. In that period they have both become famous for defying the official Kremlin Communism. Within twenty-four hours of their meeting in Belgrade, the leaders of the Communist parties of their respective nations had caused a considerable stir in the Chancelleries of Central Europe. At a luncheon in honour of the Polish visitors, President Tito declared that in his view the Oder-Neisse line was the "only lasting solution possible" for the frontier of Poland and Germany. This demarcation made after the war was naturally supported, in his turn, by Mr. Gomulka. The diplomatic reaction by West Germany to these speeches was one of considerable disquiet.

On left—

DEFIANT GOVERNOR: Mr. Faubus, the Governor of Arkansas, in the United States, ponders a question put to him during a Press conference at Little Rock. He was defending his action in calling out the National Guard to prevent Negro pupils entering the Central High School, although they were entitled to do so under the Supreme Court ruling in favour of integrated education between the white and coloured races. Mr. Faubus's action started a serious constitutional dispute between the Federal and State authorities. However, it was understood that the Governor was to see President Eisenhower last week-end and it was hoped that this would lead at least to a temporary settlement of the controversy.

PICKETS DEMONSTRATE OUTSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK: Hungarian anti-Communist pickets are parading in front of the United Nations building in New York demanding the expulsion of the present Hungarian representatives from the United Nations and the application of sanctions to the Soviet Union. The demonstration was staged on the eve of the United Nations General Assembly's debate on Moscow's suppression of last year's uprisings in Hungary and continued intervention there. The demonstrators, whose numbers were estimated at over 500, came from various organisations.

EGYPT AND SYRIA SIGN A TRADE AGREEMENT: Representatives of the Government of Egypt and Syria sign an agreement on economic union, in Damascus, Syria. Sitting at the table, third from left, is Abdul Munem Kaisouni, the Egyptian Minister of Finance, and second from left is Khalil Kallas, Syrian Economic Minister. They are surrounded by other officials. It has been announced that Egypt will help Syria in every way possible to fight what President Nasser has called "the United States Policy in the Middle East."

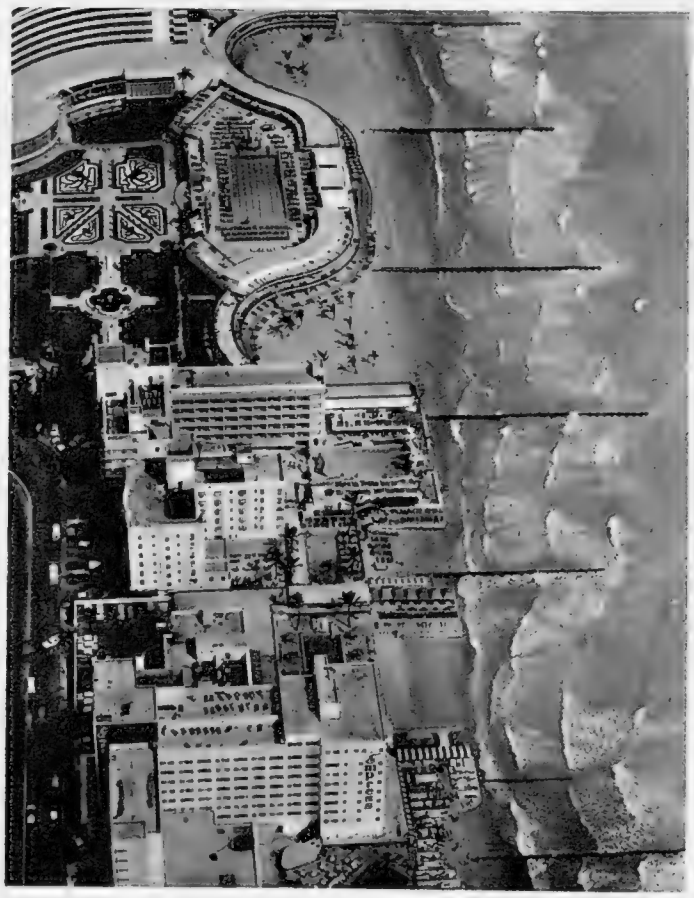
A ROW OF MODERN HOTELS ALONG THE OCEAN FRONT AT MIAMI: They are some of the more recent additions to the cluster of hotels erected along the narrow strip in South Florida which has become internationally famous as a holiday resort and playground for tourists from all over the world. The river running behind the hotels is Ocean Creek. In the background is one of three bridges which span the Creek to join the Beach with the city of Miami.

MIAMI BEACH

The Luxury Playground in Florida has Continual Sunshine

On right—

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HOTELS AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE BEACH: On the flat roof of the hotel in the foreground holiday-makers are sunbathing in luxurious surroundings. Sunbathing and swimming are the two main forms of relaxation at Miami Beach. Growing in sand are coconut palms. The coconuts are in season throughout the year and make popular souvenirs.



THE OCEAN-FRONT HOTELS LOOKING SOUTH : Behind the hotels is Collins Avenue, the main highway through Miami Beach. On average, two or three new hotels are erected along the ocean-front each year. To-day there are more than 400 hotels on Miami Beach. Between them they have about 30,000 rooms. There are eight miles of seashore, including two miles of parks and over 300 swimming-pools.

On left—

THE GOLDEN SAND: Rows of beach chairs are placed on the private sections in front of the hotels. Each building has its own specially-shaped, luxury swimming-pool.

Miami Beach, the tropical playground on the south coast of Florida, where the sun shines for 360 days of the year, is one of the most luxurious holiday resorts in the world. Annually, Miami entertains an immense tourist trade and the aerial pictures reproduced on these two pages give some idea of the great extent of the growth of the area over the past fifty years since Miami Beach was a small village accessible from Miami City only by boat. Miami Beach is situated three miles east of the mainland city of Miami on an island in Biscayne Bay. It is connected with Miami City by three huge causeways which span Indian Creek, a wide stretch of river which separates the two areas.

Miami Beach was originally a desolate area of mangrove swampland and sand inhabited for a short time by Tequesta Indians. A number of attempts were made to establish a permanent port of call there, but the place remained a wilderness until 1882, when a group of businessmen landed on the island in a boat to seed a coconut plantation. The project failed, but in 1907 another group of people crossed over and established themselves there. By 1913 the first of the three causeways had been built to link the island with Miami City and two years later Miami Beach was incorporated as a town. Shortly afterwards the land values boomed and people paid enormous sums of money for sites that were, in fact, swamp. The prices collapsed, however, after a big hurricane in 1926 which swept away much of the boom development.

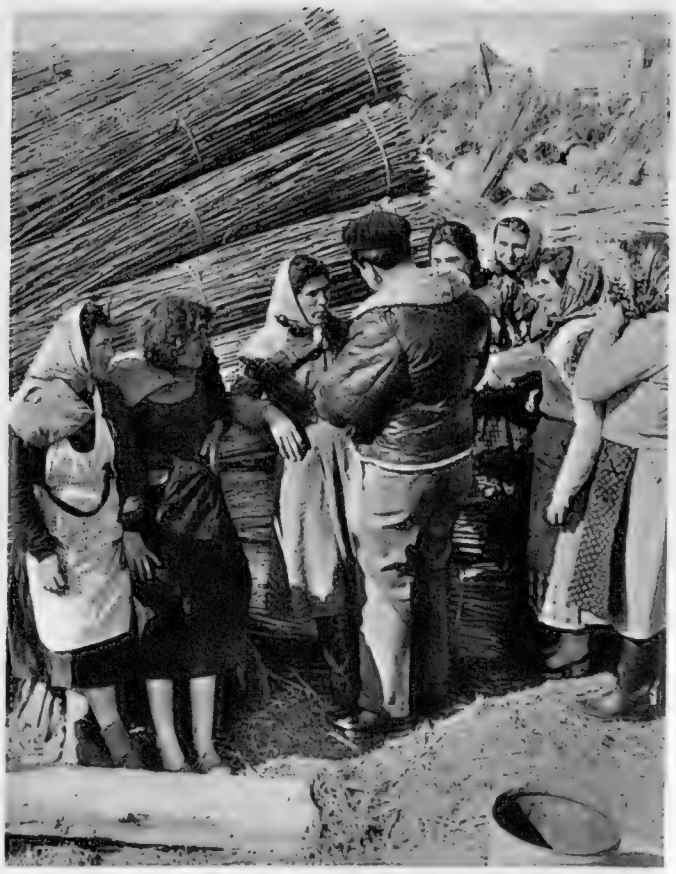
Some time later prosperity returned and to-day, Miami Beach is flanked by elaborate, ultra-modern hotels and lavish private residences. Its popularity as a pleasure ground has increased so enormously over the past few years that it is not uncommon for two, or even three, new luxury hotels to be erected along the narrow strip each year to accommodate the great number of people who move south in search of the sun. At the moment there are over 400 hotels clustered along the eight miles of ocean front. Between them they have over 30,000 rooms.

Formerly, the Miami Beach "season" was limited to a few winter months but now all twelve months are busy periods, with winter marking only one of two peaks in the ever-growing tide of visitors. There is only thirteen degrees difference between the summer and winter temperature averages of 81.8 degs. and 68.1 degs. The climate is influenced by the Gulf Stream which wards off the chilly blasts of winter and absorbs in the summer the heatwaves that may be experienced elsewhere. In addition, the south-east trade winds blow almost constantly.

THE DOCTOR OF THE PO DELTA

In the Poverty-Stricken Swamps of North-East Italy he has 3,000 Patients.

"DOCTOR WANTED": On a new road through the Po Delta in Italy, a bus passes a white flag which flies as an indication that someone nearby is in need of a doctor. Until recently this road did not exist and the doctor would have had to travel by boat. This treeless, swampy region, which lies between Ravenna and Venice on the Adriatic coast, is one of the most primitive and poverty-stricken in the country.



THE ONLY DOCTOR OF THE REGION: Doctor Giorgio Losi attends to a sick woman. He is reported to be the only doctor in the area. His practice covers nearly thirty square miles and he has about 3,000 patients, many of whom he has to visit by boat.

The Delta of the River Po lies on Italy's northern Adriatic coast, between Venice and Ravenna. It is a desolate, flat, marshy area with few trees. Most of the transport in this watery region is by boat; there are few roads. Little change has taken place there through the centuries except that each year the sea has receded, and more and more dykes have been built to protect the land from it. Ancient lighthouses and shore defences are marooned far from the coastline. Unfortunately, the level of the land sinks as the waters retreat and there is always a threat that a sudden fierce storm or heavy tide will bring flooding and destruction. The people are among the poorest in Italy. Even late at night, peasants may often be seen working on the defences against the sea.

So many dykes have been built that the region is called the Holland of the South. However, the dykes in the Delta are very different from the formidable, efficient defences of the Netherlands; for the most part they consist of no more than mud-packed bales of reeds. The agricultural areas of the Delta are also similar to those of the Netherlands, in the sense that where they are well irrigated they are some of the most productive in Europe; the yield is 10,000,000 cwt. of rice in a normal year, when floods or bad weather have not diminished the fertile harvest.

During the war the Allied soldiers who had to fight several severe battles in the area were aided by the large number of partisans there. Many of these irregular troops were Communists. To-day the Communist Party is still very strong in the Po Delta. This is not surprising for, in spite of the fact that parts of the Delta are very productive, by and large it is a poverty-stricken region, and public services, such as roads and communications there, are poor.

Another public service that is in great need of improvement is that of medicine. There is said to be only one doctor in the region, Dr. Giorgio Losi, and his practice is not helped by the swampy, waterlogged nature of the ground which entails his travelling by boat to see many of his patients. Furthermore, since there are few, if any, telephones it is difficult for the peasants of the area to contact him if they fall ill. The traditional method of calling a doctor to the isolated farmhouses or reed huts of the fishermen is to fly a white flag. Even then public-spirited neighbours must notice the flags if Doctor Losi is to be informed. In the case of serious illness or accident, the nearest hospital is at a great distance away and there are few roads which can take ambulances. Dr. Losi's practice covers nearly thirty square miles and he has 3,000 patients.

Thus the people who live in the Po Delta have other things to fear than the breakdown of the dykes. A child may be born before the doctor can arrive, and disease, which is nurtured by the damp nature of the houses, strikes easily. Mists are scarcely kept out by the crumbling walls of the primitive wooden or stone dwellings and reed huts of the region and even on fine days there is a smell of damp and of decay there.

However, the Italian Government is trying to better living conditions in the Delta; new roads have recently been built there, and progress made in other forms of public welfare. Italy's inherent economic difficulties prevent more being done. There have been land reclamation schemes in the Delta of the Po since medieval times. One of the largest in scale for part of the area not far from Ferrara dates from about 1870, shortly after the unification of Italy. It is called the "Grande Bonifica Ferrarese."

A MODERN HOUSE IN THE AREA: Doctor Giorgio Losi stands on top of one of the flimsy dykes in the area and talks to a woman by one of the few modern houses. Although the area is called the Holland of the South its sea defences are not nearly so efficient as those of the Netherlands. The dykes here chiefly consist of mud-packed bales of reeds.

ATTENDING A SICK CHILD: The thirty-five-year-old doctor is treating a small child in a damp, ramshackle fisherman's hut while the child's father looks on. Doctor Losi was informed of this illness by the traditional method of flying a white flag. A passing fisherman saw it and managed to contact him. There are few telephones in the area.

THE SLUM AREAS OF ROME

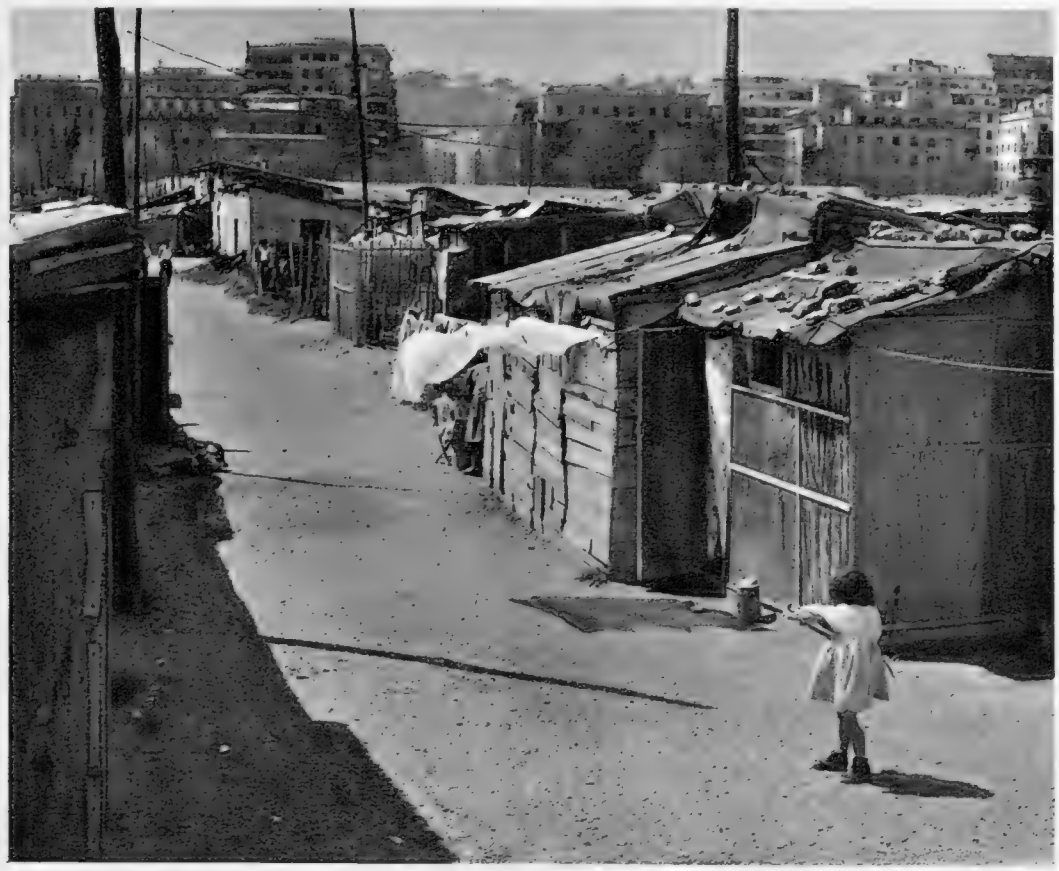
Tumble-down Shacks and even Caves and Tombs are Homes for many of the City's poor

A SLUM DWELLING IN ROME: A family which came from the south in search of work lives as best it can in a shack surrounded by a crude wire fence. Slum homes like this have had to be recognised as dwelling-places by the Roman municipal authorities.

On right—
A TOMB SERVES AS A HOME: A shoemaker plies his trade outside the only "home" he could find in the Eternal City. Italy's economic state precludes immediate provision of better housing in Rome, but the authorities are now making every effort to remedy the situation.

On right—
A CHILD'S "BED" IN THE SLUMS OF ROME: An open drawer serves as a bed for this child of poverty-stricken slum-dwellers. Towards the end of the war there was a great influx of unemployed from the south to the capital.

A FIREWOOD "PLAY-PEN": A packing-case from Great Britain is the play-pen of this child sitting on the pavement in front of his squalid home in one of the "sub-zero" quarters of Rome.



RICH AND POOR IN ITALY'S CAPITAL: The insanitary squalor of the wretched shanties in the foreground of the picture is accentuated by the well-built luxury flats in the background. This contrast between slums and fine buildings grows more and more noticeable as the city's centre is approached by road or rail.

A VIEW FROM THE RAILWAY LINES: Tumble-down shacks are seen on the approach to the ancient city. Many visitors to Rome do not notice the large areas of derelict dwelling-places as they scan the skyline for famous monuments. The authorities' efforts to provide adequate housing are hampered by a shortage of money.

Rome to-day is a city of contrasts: the immortal monuments from which Western civilisation derives; a modern, bustling, commercial centre and a vast area of slums.

The tourist approaching Rome, especially by train, is often too busy watching the skyline for famous monuments to notice the huddle of shanties and derelict housing along the route. For mile after mile there are huts, shacks and old sheds which serve as homes for a great number of inhabitants. These are interspersed with fenced-off patches of rocky ground, often covered with broken masonry, which serve as "playgrounds" for the children of the slum dwellers. As one comes nearer the heart of the city the truly squalid insanitary nature of these slum dwellings and playgrounds is accentuated by the background of towering, well-built modern flats.

The shanty-town suburbs of Rome arose towards the end of the war, when people who had lost their homes as a result of the hostilities were joined by poverty-stricken immigrants from the south of the Italian peninsula. Of all the European capitals concerned in the war, only two—Rome and Paris—were declared open cities. Thus Rome avoided any serious damage, although railway marshalling yards and airfields nearby were bombed. On war-damaged land there was fierce competition for possession of sites.

Immediately after the war the municipal authorities made great efforts to rid the city of the slums rapidly increasing on these sites, but they were hampered in their attempts by further influxes of unemployed people from the south. It soon became impossible for the authorities to provide anything like adequate dwellings for so many people and they had no alternative but to give the streets in these slums names and the apologies for homes numbers. All the numbers started with 0 and the areas were classified as "sub-zero." The areas were recognised as part of Rome and were provided with electricity, water and public transport, in the belief that it would soon be possible to demolish these ramshackle hovels and to occupy their sites with better buildings.

Twelve years after the end of the war the slums are still there and unemployed southerners continue to arrive in Rome. These new arrivals have to live in caves and even in ancient tombs. The Roman authorities are now taking positive steps to rid the city of its slums. As families—and this applies to very few—are rehoused, or as they return to the south or go north, the buildings they have lived in are demolished. Unfortunately, Italy's present economy does not allow her to spend large sums on a housing programme. It may be many years before the appalling contrast in housing for rich and poor in Rome is removed.

However, a special committee to study the problem has been set up. This body has a mandate to report on what steps the authorities can take and how they may obtain special support from the national Government. Public organisations formed to encourage new housing projects are the "National Institution for the Houses of Government Employees," the "Workers' Houses Planning Group," and the "Self-Governing Institute for Popular Houses in the province of Rome."

B.O.A.C. RECEIVE BRITANNIA 312

The First of a Fleet of Eighteen is Handed Over at London Airport

HANDING OVER THE FIRST BRISTOL BRITANNIA 312: The new aircraft was handed over to British Overseas Airways Corporation at London Airport on Tuesday of last week. Standing in front of the Britannia, from left to right, are: Mr. Walter Gibb, chief test pilot of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, who was on board the aircraft for the flight from his company's headquarters at Filton, near Bristol; Captain A. Meagher, who piloted the Britannia on the journey from Bristol and who is to be deputy flying manager of the B.O.A.C. 312 Flight; Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, chairman of B.O.A.C., inspecting the flight manual, and Mr. Basil Smallpeice, managing director of the Corporation. The picture *below*, taken from beneath the tail of the aircraft, shows an official inspecting the underside of the fuselage.

SERVICING THE NEW BRITANNIA: The aircraft has been taken in tow by a servicing crew. Other officials are standing on the tarmac. The Britannia is now undergoing proving flights and it is expected that the first transatlantic flight—non-stop from London to New York—will be made about the middle of next week.

It was an important occasion at London Airport on Tuesday afternoon of last week when British Overseas Airways Corporation took delivery of the first of its eighteen long-range Bristol Britannia Type 312 turbo-prop airliners. At precisely half-past three the large blue-nosed, silver aircraft made a perfect landing at the airport after a flight from the Bristol Aeroplane Company's headquarters at Filton, near Bristol. The Britannia 312 was flown from Filton to London in twenty-five minutes by a crew under Captain A. Meagher, who is to be deputy flying manager of the B.O.A.C. 312 Flight. A large crowd gathered at the airport to see the much-talked-about aircraft make a perfect landing. Among the officials who welcomed the airliner were Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation, and Mr. Basil Smallpeice, the managing director of the Corporation, who earlier in the week had made the strongest comments regarding the delay in the delivery of the Britannias. After welcoming the pilot and crew, Mr. d'Erlanger inspected the log-book and heard Captain Meagher report that the aircraft had handled well during the flight. The Britannia 312 is intended for use on the North Atlantic services of the Corporation. It is at present carrying out proving flights. Subject to deliveries being maintained, and to the operational characteristics of the aircraft being satisfactory for this route, B.O.A.C. hopes to bring it into regular passenger service between London and New York in the first three months of 1958.

There are two main operational characteristics which have to be determined. The first is whether the 312 has sufficient range to make non-stop flights between London and New York with adequate payloads and with a reasonably high degree of regularity, particularly under winter weather conditions. B.O.A.C. have stated that the aircraft's performance was 7 per cent. down on the minimum specification. The second characteristic is whether this version of the aircraft is likely to experience the same engine icing troubles on the North Atlantic route which have affected earlier versions of the airliner under certain atmospheric conditions on Eastern and African routes. A B.O.A.C. statement has made it clear that this has not been completely cured, but has been remedied sufficiently to enable passengers to be carried by installing automatic relighting devices in the engines.

A PERFECT LANDING AT LONDON AIRPORT: The Bristol Britannia Type 312 turbo-prop airliner is about to touch down at London Airport after a flight from the Bristol Aeroplane Company's headquarters at Filton, near Bristol. The new Britannia was flown to London in twenty-five minutes. The pilot was Captain A. Meagher, who has been appointed deputy flying manager of the B.O.A.C. 312 Flight. Captain Meagher and his crew said that they had a "very smooth journey" and the aircraft handled well.

BIG-GAME FISHING IN THE BAHAMAS

Angling for Marlin is an Exciting and Increasingly Popular Sport

SEARCHING FOR MARLIN IN THE BAHAMAS: The fishing cruiser *Enchantress* is typical of the larger boats designed for marlin fishing in waters off the western Atlantic Ocean. The bait is suspended from lines attached to the tall outriggers extending from each side of the craft.

THE START OF A DAY'S FISHING: A fleet of fishing vessels set out on a day's hunting for the big marlin fish. The majority of the boats are making for known marlin stretches along the edge of the Gulf Stream. An average day's expedition covers an area of between half a mile and six miles off-shore and extends along a 15-mile fishing area. Trolling for marlin is an exciting and strenuous sport which has considerably increased in popularity over recent years

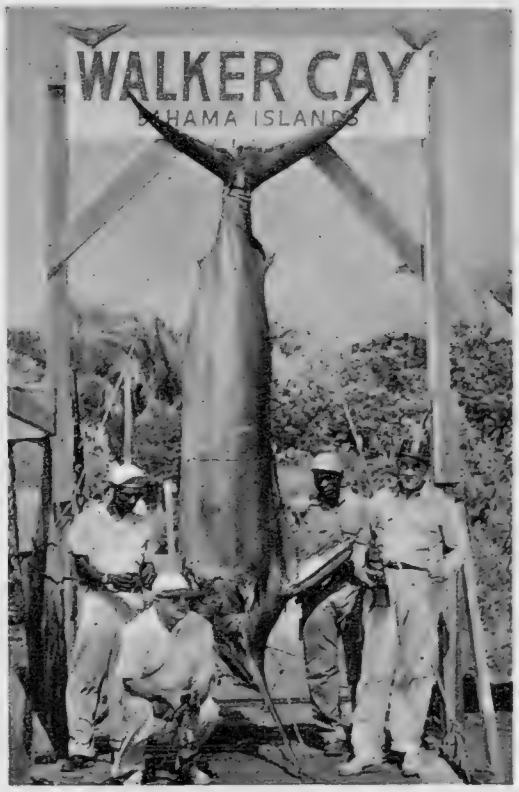
The blue marlin, *Makaira nigricans ampla*, is the larger of two species of marlin that are native to the warm waters of the western Atlantic Ocean. It is a fish which appeals to anglers who enjoy excitement and prefer size to quantity. Although not plentiful enough to be commonplace, blue marlin roam in sufficient numbers to make fishing trips worthwhile. The most populated blue marlin fishing areas are situated off the western edges of the Great and the Little Bahama banks where the fish are encountered in the eddies of the Gulf Stream. Accommodation for the anglers is provided at Bimini, Cat Cay, West End and Walker Cay. In the 1957 charts of the International Game Fish Association nine world records are given for blue marlin. Of these the Bahamas are credited with seven.

The best time of the year to angle for blue marlin is between June and August. During these months it is not unusual to see up to twenty or thirty fishing cruisers set out daily from Bimini's quiet little harbour. These boats carry anglers out into the Gulf Stream to cover a fifteen-mile fishing area in search of the fish. Trolling is the accepted method of fishing for marlin and a whole fish such as a bonefish, mackerel, dolphin or tunny, is used for bait. These baits are trolled from long outriggers which carry them well extended to each side of the boat's wake. The angler's line is fastened to the outrigger by means of a " clothes-pin " which releases the line when the bait is taken by a fish.

Because of the marlin's solitary habits and limited numbers, it is essential that the angler possesses unlimited patience. To catch a marlin is a question of being in the right place at the right time. Even when a blue marlin rises to a bait there is no certainty that it will strike. Scientists have come to the conclusion that marlin normally feed at considerable depths and when one is seen on the surface it is thought to be taking a sunbath or indulging in sightseeing. If this is so, a marlin takes the bait out of curiosity or playfulness.

When a marlin sees, and becomes interested in, a bait it can put on an exasperating show, for its actions are completely unpredictable. For example, the fish will rise slowly beneath a bait, drifting upward from the depths a few feet at a time until its full outline can be seen clearly. Then the tips of its dorsal and caudal fins protrude through the surface of the water. After following the bait for a short distance and apparently satisfying a mild curiosity, the marlin sometimes sinks back into the depths with the same leisurely motions that marked the approach. Once a marlin has swallowed a bait, however, it is awe-inspiring in its jumps and runs. At the first feel of the hook and drag from the line the fish takes to the air in a number of leaps. Cascading sea water on all sides, the marlin clears the surface to incredible heights for such a bulky fish. When it falls back into the ocean it sends up a spray of foamy water.

Whatever its size, a blue marlin is always a worthy foe—rugged, tricky and game right up to the end. If the fight goes to the angler, he will know that although he has conquered the fish physically he has not tamed its fearless spirit.



ANGLERS AND THEIR CATCHES: *Left, above*—Dr. J. Wheeler, of Kansas City, standing in right foreground, established a fishing tournament record when he landed the 727½-lb. blue marlin suspended in the wooden frame. *Centre*—The Countess of Ranfurly stands by a 238-lb. blue marlin, a 39-lb. sailfish and other fish which she landed to win a women's tournament. *On right*—The New Zealand rig, with the hook secured in front of the bait, is popular for catching the marlin.

MORE ABOUT FISHES: *On left*—Mr. Samuel Gentile, of Picton, Ontario, Canada, holds a large muskie fish which he caught while angling in the Bay of Quinte. It weighs 33 lb. and is 53½ ins. in length. It is being claimed as the biggest fish of its type to be caught in that particular area during the current angling season. In the picture *on right*, early-morning bathers at Bronte, in Queensland, Australia, have tied a rope round a huge sunfish in an endeavour to help it back into the sea after it had got trapped in a rock pool. The sunfish, which weighs 6 cwt., was frolicking around at high tide and became trapped in the pool when the tide receded. It fought continuously for more than three hours to get back over the rocks into the deep water.

Bridges and Roads

Improvements for Traffic in Two Continents

On left—

AN IMPORTANT NEW CONSTRUCTION ON THE IVORY COAST: The bridge in the centre has recently been opened to road traffic between Abidjan and Treichville, in French West Africa. Construction began in 1954 and the structure is over 400 yards long and built in eight concrete spans. There are lanes for motor traffic, bicycles and pedestrians and soon the railway on the right will be diverted to use the bridge. The old bridge (on right) for crossing the lagoon is a drawbridge at both ends and traffic had frequently to be halted to allow vessels to pass. This structure is to be demolished. The port of Treichville, busy with shipping, is in the background. Treichville is also an industrial centre.

Below—

A NEW TYPE OF ROAD INTERSECTION IN GERMANY: This busy crossroads at Kassel, in West Germany, was reopened last week after being laid out in a new design to give maximum benefit to all users. Vehicles approaching the crossing take one of three lanes according to their wish to turn left, proceed ahead or turn right. It is claimed that this system allows the traffic to flow with ease and those turning to the right do not have to be controlled by traffic lights. The signposts, of the type common in Germany, are easy to read. Pedestrians are compelled by law to use the subways under the crossing.

A TUNNEL TO RELIEVE TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN BRUSSELS: Work is nearing completion on the approaches to a tunnel which will run under one of the busiest road crossings in the capital of Belgium. The traffic seen on the street, which comes down from the Botanical Gardens, will be diverted and thus ease the congestion in the centre of Brussels. In left background is the Park Hotel. The tunnel should be open by December.

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ON THE ROUTE TO THE CAVE OF AMARNATH : A column of pilgrims treks through the snow in the remote and rugged mountains beyond Panchtani, in Kashmir. They have left the last camping place in their long trek up to the sacred cave of Amarnath, which is situated at an altitude of 12,729 ft. Within the huge, 150-ft. wide cave is the image of the god Bhawan Amarnath carved out of ice. By offering gifts to the deity and by bathing in the ice-cold waters nearby, the pilgrims believe they are purged of their sins.

PILGRIMAGE IN KASHMIR

The Annual Trek Through Snow and Ice to the Sacred Cave of Amarnath, High up in the Himalaya

Kashmir to the world is a current subject of grave political controversy, but to thousands of devout Hindus its remote and majestic mountains are places of pilgrimage. Each summer, at the time of the August full moon, a vast caravan assembles from all over India to make a long trek up into the snow-clad peaks to the sacred cave of Amarnath. There, at an altitude of 12,729 ft., in the Western ranges of the Himalaya is an image carved of ice of the god Bhawan Amarnath. By bathing in the icy waters round the cave and by offering gifts to the god the sins of the pilgrims are washed away and forgiven.

The bulk of the caravans assemble at Srinigar, which is the capital of Kashmir and one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world. Some 5,000 ft. above sea level, it is surrounded by mountain peaks. For a few days the pilgrims rest along the banks of the River Jhelum, which is crossed by quaint wooden bridges and flanked by picturesque wooden dwellings. There is an abundance of ancient monuments and temples, both Hindu and Moslem, and, for those seeking the spectacular, just outside the town there is the Dal Lake with its famous floating gardens. But pilgrims are more concerned with spiritual contemplation than material attractions.

On the day appointed according to the phase of the moon, the caravan sets out for Pahalgam, ten miles away. The leader is the Mahant of Shankracharya, who carries a charri or sacred silver mace. Throughout the column there are many other maces and religious banners and emblems.

From Pahalgam the climb of 27 miles upwards begins. Thousands of the faithful move off on foot, followed by pack-ponies, *dandis* (palanquins) and riding horses. After a trek of eight miles over the steep mountain tracks the procession comes to its first halt at Chandanwari, situated at an altitude of 9,000 ft. above sea level, for the over-night stay. Early in the morning the column continues its march over the snow-bridge at Chandanwari and the precipitous zigzag path of Pissu Ghati (one has sometimes to crawl on all fours) until the second halting place, Wavjan, is reached at an altitude of 13,000 ft. Wavjan is surrounded by fearsome and awe-inspiring mountains, its foot adorned by famous Sheshnag, the Emerald Lake.

The next morning, after crossing over the serpentine path of Wavjan mountain's top, with snow flowing like the rivers down the slopes below, the pilgrims come to the Mahagunas Pass, turbaned in white majesty.

Slowly the caravan moves upward, steadily, breathlessly, over this steep ocean of creeping cold from which the land down below is seen to be full of brightness and sunshine. A further five miles after Mahagunas Pass brings the procession to the last camping place—Panchtarni, situated at an altitude of 11,000 ft. This place is named after the five rivulets that flow in it. After resting here for the night the pilgrims start off again in the early hours of the morning and, winding round the Bhairav mountain and over the snow ridges they finally arrive at the sacred cave of Amarnath, at an altitude of nearly 13,000 ft.

Here they bathe in the ice-cold waters of sacred Amaravati then climb to the 150-ft.-wide cave to perform the prescribed Puja (religious rituals) to the ice image. Money, jewellery and precious clothes are offered to Bhawan Amarnath, the God of Immortality. This marks the end of the holy mission and the pilgrims make the return journey to Panchtarni, Pahalgam and then home, this time in two days.

LOAD-CARRIERS: Coolies who carry the baggage rest after a steep climb. Many of the loads contain money and other valuables which will be gifts for the god in the cave of Amarnath.

THE SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY: With palanquins, hors winding path flanked by a precipitous cliff and camping place for the second night of the trek.

SACRED EMBLEMS: Dur sacred silver mac are symbolic in

HORSES AND PALANQUINS: Most of the women pilgrims ride on horses and so do some of the men. *On left*—The aged and infirm are carried up the mountain track on *dandis* or litters during the 27-mile trek. The annual Hindu pilgrimage to the cave of Amarnath takes place at the full moon in the month of August.

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charris, and other holy emblems which
religion of the thousands of pilgrims.

d on foot, the devout Hindus follow a
shing stream after leaving Wavjan, the
ave is reached in four days of climbing.

THE FINAL CAMP : Surrounded by majestic peaks, tents have been erected at Panchtarni, 11,000 ft. up, where five mountain rivulets converge. The next day, at dawn, the pilgrims will be on their way again, slowly and breathlessly climbing the remaining 2,000 ft. through snow and ice until they come to the ice image of the god which is the object of their sacred mission to Kashmir.

THE HIGHLAND GAMES

Some of the Contests may not be Very Ancient but all are Popular with Scotsmen or Tourists

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SCOTLAND has long been famous for her exports—porridge, tweeds, the bagpipes, whisky and men. For one, at least, of these the world has every reason to be profoundly grateful. (She has not been quite so successful with the haggis, and for this, too, in my opinion, the world may be profoundly grateful.) It has been said that the best way to understand and love a country is to leave it. It should be understood, therefore, that it behoves the foreigner—and I should make it clear that I have not so much as a drop of Scottish blood in my veins—to be very careful indeed when writing about Scotland or Scottish institutions. There are Scots all over the world who, though they may never have seen it, feel passionately about their native land, and are even prepared to pay air mail postage in its defence.

You get a taste of this passionate patriotism on such an occasion as the Royal Braemar Gathering, which is the apotheosis (but by no means the end) of what may be described as the "Highland Games Season." Here you may see how the kilt should be carried—and how it should not. Here you may see every tartan that ever was, and hear, issuing from their wearers, the accents of Lancashire or the Middle West, Australia or the Deep South. Every one is, you may be quite sure, fully entitled to wear the tartan: every one is a Scotsman for the day, and for the day more Scottish than the Scots. There can be no doubt whatever that the Highlander loves them, and so do the tourists.

Watching the games, the observant onlooker cannot fail to notice a marked difference in interest between the Scots in the audience and the foreigners in the audience, especially among the women. The kilt, it is apparent, arouses emotion in the foreign female breast; the Scots female (who, this summer, seemed to be dressed in trousers as often as not) appears to be quite unmoved. Again it is broadly speaking, and with the exception of a few small boys, the Sassenach (male and female, but especially female) who is enthralled by the strong-man events—tossing the caber, putting the weight, throwing the hammer, throwing the weight for height—while the Scots, male and female, are much more interested in the pipe music and the dancing.

This, surely, is because both are, in fact, ancient and traditional, technical and very highly skilled. (It comes as a shock to learn, as I did from a pipe-major, that the best bagpipes are made in Camden Town.) You have to be an initiate to understand the finer points of either. I like watching Highland dancing, which I find both graceful and energetic: but the technical points are a closed book to me. I love the barbaric music of the bagpipes, but I am quite unable to distinguish between the playing of one competing piper and another on the platform. They sound exactly alike to me. But they do not to the Scots. You will see men and women listening, as still and absorbed, as knowledgeable and critical as Welshmen at an Eisteddfod.

The event which catches the imagination of the tourist is tossing the caber. (Again, it seems to me, the Scot is a little less impressed.) The object of this neolithic exercise is to toss the pole up by its narrower end so that it lands on the broader end and turns over, falling away from the tosser. If he fails to turn it over, he has lost. The odd thing is that there is no such thing as a standard caber; there is no standard length, nor any standard weight. I am told that most cabers are between 15 and 17 ft. in length—the only one I have measured was 16 ft. 6 ins.—but no one has been able to give me any idea of the weight. They must be very heavy, for you see gigantic men tottering under the weight of the huge logs. It is only on very rare occasions that you see one turned over.

The standard at throwing the hammer—the Scottish hammer has a wooden handle and the Scottish rules are a little different from our own—and at putting the weight are not very high. You can see a good deal better from real amateurs at the White City. But there is not the glamour at the White City; that swirling kilt makes all the difference. The kilt makes everything seem so much more virile. Incidentally, distinguishing between the different colours of the tartans of the various clans requires very expert knowledge and, of course, a very sharp eye.

THE ABOYNE HIGHLAND GAMES: Spectators at the Games are the Marquis of Aberdeen (second from left), and with him (from left to right) the Earl of Aboyne, George Gordon, Jane Gordon and Lady Lemina Gordon, the children of the Marquess of Huntly. The Marquis of Aberdeen is Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. The various tartans and the enthusiasm of the spectators, the beautiful countryside and the low price of entry are some of the most pleasant features of the Highland Games.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHIEF OF THE ABOYNE GAMES: The Marquess of Huntly, the Chief of the Games, wearing feathers in his cap, is escorted on to the field by a standard-bearer. With him are (from left to right) Brigadier Jackson, the Marchioness of Huntly, and Colonel J. W. Nicol, of Baloghie. Two children of the Marquess follow the standard-bearer.

None of this is an act: it is a genuine fervour. The business man from Kansas City (wearing the Macmillan tartan) will tell you exactly which croft his ancestors left and exactly when they did so. He is really thrilled to be watching the traditional pastimes of his ancestors. So are all the ordinary flannel-trousered, cotton-frocked tourists really thrilled to be present at an ancient, traditional, Highland gathering, watching the ancient, traditional, pastimes of the Scots.

Are these Highland gatherings, these Highland games (I have never been able to discover the difference, if any, between "gatherings" and "games"), ancient and traditional? If they are, then history is remarkably silent on the point. Was it ever the pastime of the Highlander to hurl the trunks of pine trees about the countryside? Somehow I doubt it. Indeed, I harbour a suspicion that Highland games are only about 100 years old: I harbour a suspicion that they may be the invention of John Brown for the delight of Queen Victoria, who was so proud of her Stuart strain and who loved the Highlands so dearly. To put it bluntly, I do not believe that the Highland Gathering is ancient nor that the Highland Games are traditional, although they have undoubtedly become a tradition. They are also one of Scotland's very best advertising media.

Let me hasten to add that this does not mean that I dislike or disapprove of Highland Games. On the contrary, I love them. As a spectacle I do not think that they can be bettered anywhere in the British Isles.

For all that, the Games would be nothing, and would die, but for the athletic events. The smaller gatherings, which take place from May until the end of September in towns and villages almost everywhere in Scotland, correspond, in effect, to the town and village fetes of England. They are local occasions for local competitors. Even at these, the chief attraction is the appearance of the professionals; there would not be much gate-money, I fancy, without them.

The simple tourist believes, I am sure, that the Highland Games are spontaneous affairs, the competitors amateurs and, except at the larger gatherings (such as Braemar, Inverness and Oban), mostly locals. On the contrary, they are very highly and efficiently organised, and the strong-men and the individual pipers (and, I suspect, most of the dance teams) are professionals, who spend the summer touring the Games and making a pretty good living out of it. For example, the first prize for a strong-man event is £4, the second gets £3 and the third £1, and a man can fit in at least twenty-five Games in a summer.

The most impressive event is not tossing the caber (which is actually rather dull and takes a long time), but throwing the weight for height, which is the event that gets the least publicity of all. It really is a weight—half a hundredweight, as a matter of fact—and the bar is initially set at 10 ft. To throw that weight so high demands enormous physical strength and great skill; for the thrower must get his timing exactly right. The highest throw I have ever seen was 13 ft. at the Dingwall Gathering. I do not know what the record is. No one in Scotland seems particularly interested in records. Coming from a record-mad country I find that this enjoyment of the sport for its own sake is one of the most pleasant things about the Games.

But the most pleasant factors of the Games are the people and the settings, and the price. For half a crown you can enjoy a glorious day out, among people who are not there because it is the right thing to do, or because they are supporting a good cause. They are there simply to enjoy themselves. When you get bored with watching strong-men heaving tree trunks (usually unsuccessfully), you can always look at a beautiful and colourful view—and the local gentry. Indeed, at any big gathering the gentry are just as much on show as the caber-tossers, the pibroch-players, the hammer-throwers and the contestants in other competitions of muscle and brawn, the pipe bands and the dancers, and they are inspected as closely. They show by their quiet, studied unawareness how very appreciative they are of the flattery.

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT MILITARY EQUIPMENT : A Signals Lance-Corporal sits in an inflatable "Igloo" tent behind its wheeled container at a demonstration of new military equipment held at Bulford Camp, on Salisbury Plain, last week. The tent, which weighs 35 lb., can be erected by one man in four minutes. Its supports are in the form of inflatable tubes. The tent's container, from the top of which a portable wireless is being operated, can be trundled over rough country on its small trolley wheels. The two bundles attached to it are called "buoyancy bags" and are also inflated. They are used for floating the wire basket across rivers.

GREATER MOBILITY FOR THE ARMY

Wheeled Metal Baskets Carry Equipment and Float Over Rivers

On left—

INFLATING A "BUOYANCY BAG": Troops load a metal-framed wire basket in a ditch behind a sergeant of the Royal Artillery, while he inflates a buoyancy bag. The bags are attached to trolleys when rivers have to be crossed. The accent of the whole demonstration was upon mobility. It is hoped that this can be improved by making the soldier independent of roads without lessening his ability to fight. However, many of the new ideas are still in the experimental stage.

A LIGHTWEIGHT AMPHIBIOUS TROLLEY: It is easily supported by two soldiers. Although they can carry 3 or 4 cwt. across country, the trolleys, which are of two sizes, weigh only 80 and 50 lbs.

WATER TRANSPORT : Three soldiers, in one of the metal-framed wire baskets, are towed across a river in the wake of their equipment. They are supported by the buoyancy bags at each end of the portable craft. The basket is amphibious. One of its wheels, on which it runs on land, is seen above the water.

THE FLAGS OF MANY NATIONS IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE: They are flying to welcome the delegates of forty-nine nations who gathered in London last week for the conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Delegations came from all over the world and three were from Iron Curtain countries—Russia, Poland and Hungary. The proceedings were opened by the Queen in a most impressive and colourful ceremony in Westminster Hall. Then there were sessions twice daily in Church House, Westminster, until Thursday last, when the forty-ninth conference held by the Union was concluded. Receptions and other social occasions were arranged for the visitors to London.

CONFERENCE OF PARLIAMENTS

The Queen Opens the Inter-Parliamentary Union Meetings at Westminster

AN ADDRESS BY MR. MACMILLAN: The Prime Minister speaks from the dais in Westminster Hall after the Queen had opened the Conference. Her Majesty was accompanied at the ceremony by Prince Philip.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS: The Inter-Parliamentary Union holds its first session in Church House, Westminster. A debate on the Secretary-General's report on the world situation was opened by the Greek delegate and led to a wide discussion on international affairs. Interpretation through headphones was used to translate the languages into English and French.

The Inter-Parliamentary Union was founded in 1889 with the object of popularising the idea of International Arbitration and helped substantially in the creation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration by the First Hague Conference. To-day it is concerned with all questions connected with peace and reconstruction. The Union consists of member groups in National Parliaments, or National Legislative Assemblies, who meet each spring in standing study committees and in the late summer gather for their annual plenary conference.

This year London has been the venue for the annual conference, which was opened by the Queen in Westminster Hall with much of the pageantry of the opening of a Whitehall Parliament. The Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker in their robes, Yeomen of the Guard, State Trumpeters and enormous banks of English flowers added to the spectacle in the Great Hall, which, as the Queen reminded her listeners, is the birthplace of British Parliamentary institutions. Nor were all the delegates, who were drawn from forty-nine countries, in sombre conventional morning dress. Their ranks were enlivened by representatives in the rich colours of African and Eastern raiment.

The first session of the Conference proper, which followed in Church House, Westminster, was in a way a species of unofficial United Nations Assembly. A Soviet delegate defended Russian intervention in Hungary; a Greek criticised Britain in Cyprus; Syrian and other Middle Eastern representatives proclaimed their peaceful intentions and declaimed against "collusion" between Britain, France and Israel over Suez. Finally Professor Buachalla (Eire) inveighed against the "international injustice" of the partition of Ireland.

THE SPLENDID SPECTACLE IN WESTMINSTER HALL: The President of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, Lord Stansgate, is speaking at the microphone on the left to invite the Queen to declare the Conference open. Behind him sits the Lord Chancellor. On the right side of the dais are Mr. Macmillan, the Speaker and Mr. Gaitskell among representatives of the Commons. On the steps behind the Queen and Prince Philip are Yeomen of the Guard, and beneath the South Window stand Royal Trumpeters.

PASSION PLAY IN ITALY

A Traditional Religious Performance at Sezze Romano

The dramatic portrayal of the life of Christ is a tradition in many places in Europe, especially in Germany and Italy. Nativity and Passion plays, acted usually by a cast of local inhabitants, have been known for centuries. Probably the Passion Play at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, is the most famous of them all, but a recent revival in Italy of a drama of the Life and Death of Christ must surely rank in the same class.

The Passion Play of Sezze Romano, some 30 miles to the south of Rome, is believed to date from the eleventh century. Originally it was performed in the streets of this small town. Latterly a natural theatre has been found for it.

Outside Sezze there is a hill called Monte Gallo. Below it is an olive wood and the whole scene is remarkable for its similarity with Calvary and Gethsemane. With the aid of modern lighting, the Gospel drama is re-enacted in a manner which is truly awe-inspiring.

For a start, the size of the cast is enormous. It requires most of the local populace and consists of 8,000 players and a choir of 3,000 choristers. Incidentally, the choral accompaniment is also traditional although it does not, of course, derive from so early a date as the play. The performance can be watched in this natural amphitheatre by an audience of 100,000, which must make this one of the largest auditoriums in the world.

The play is a trilogy which takes four hours to perform. First is the foretelling of the coming of Christ, according to the Old Testament Prophets, and His early life on earth, including the Flight into Egypt. Second, the Trial and Passion. Third, an Apocalyptical Epilogue. The main part is the Passion.

It is hard to convey in words the majesty of the scenes. Judas betrays his Master to the Sanhedrin; Christ goes to Gethsemane and after His agony is arrested; Peter denies Him; Pilate presides over that most historic of all trials in which ambition and expediency eventually suppress the truth of justice. So, up the steep slope of the Via Dolorosa, the crowds illuminated in the dark of the night, to Golgotha. The crosses are raised and there hang for all to see the Son of God flanked by the two thieves. At the foot are Mary, the Beloved Disciple, and the throng of the triumphantly orthodox. On the ridges below the mound stand the Roman soldiers. And in wide circles at the foot of the hill are crowds of onlookers, regarding the Crucifixion as a not uncommon spectacle.

"WHERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM, AND TWO OTHER WITH HIM, ON EITHER SIDE ONE": The re-enactment of Christ's Passion on Monte Gallo, outside Sezze Romano, in Italy, is almost certainly the most awe-inspiring Golgotha in any traditional Passion play. The hill is guarded by Roman soldiers and below stands the crowd of onlookers from Jerusalem.

"THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER": Judas gloats over the covenant he has made with the chief priests. In the Sezze Passion play there is a cast of 8,000.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT: In one of the opening scenes Joseph takes Mary and the infant on an ass to flee into Egypt so that Jesus escapes the Massacre of the Innocents by the tyrant Herod.

VIA DOLOROSA: "And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha." Christ crowned with thorns carries His cross and is followed by one of the thieves. This version of the Passion and Death of Christ probably dates from about 1000.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN: Christ prays for the removal of the cup and the Angel appears and strengthens Him. Monte Gallo has very many of the characteristics of the real Gethsemane.

A GERMAN RENAISSANCE MASTERPIECE : A fifteenth-century painting of "St. Jerome in the Wilderness" in a British collection was pronounced by experts last week to be the work of the great Albrecht Dürer. Its owner, Sir Edmund Bacon, believed it to be the work of a little-known artist until an art expert, Mr. D. Carritt, informed him that he considered that it was a work of Dürer.

A DÜRER DISCOVERED

A Sensational Find in a British Private Collection

The first indication that "St. Jerome in the Wilderness," which is in the collection of Sir Edmund Bacon, the premier baronet of England, might be a lost work of Albrecht Dürer was given by the form of the lion at the right of the painting. Mr. David Carritt, an art expert, noticed a photograph of the picture in a reference library and was struck by the resemblance of the lion in it to another lion in a signed and dated painting by Dürer, hung in a museum at Hamburg. Other critics later confirmed his attribution of the work to the German master.

The picture was bought by an ancestor of Sir Edmund during the nineteenth century for a few pounds. It was thought to be the work of a minor Veronese artist, Giovanni Francesco Caroto. As such, it was never worth more than £100. Now that it has been identified as a Dürer painted in the 1490's its value is virtually incalculable, but as much as £200,000 has been suggested. However, Sir Edmund has stated that he does not intend to sell the masterpiece, which he recently had restored by Dr. Johann Hell, of Hampstead.

The work is now on show at the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford and will probably remain there for another few weeks before returning to Sir Edmund's collection at Raveningham Hall, near Norwich. The painting is on panel and is no more than 8½ ins. by 6¼ ins., about the size of an octavo volume. It is in excellent condition, with a particularly fine pink and grey sky.

LAYING A NEW COAT ON THE WHITE HORSE OF BRATTON HILL, WESTBURY: A mixture of chalk and cement is being spread on the landmark, which is on Bratton Hill, above Westbury, in Wiltshire. Altogether 100 tons of the cement will be used. The White Horse has recently been scheduled as an ancient monument and is being restored by the Ministry of Works. *On left*—Mr. W. R. Driscoll, the Clerk of the Works, renovates the animal's eye, which is 9 ft. in diameter, with dried grasses.

"GROOMING" THE WHITE HORSE

Restoration of a Famous Landmark near Westbury, in Wiltshire

A DOMINATING POSITION ON THE DOWNS OF NORTH WILTSHIRE: The White Horse looks from the side of a bowl on to pasture and harvested fields. It was cut in the present shape about 1720 and last overhauled in 1873. Its origins are obscure. No one knows why it was cut or who cut it. There is a widely held theory that it has an ancestry stretching far back in history, for under the present horse the outline of another has been found. The original animal may have been carved in the Iron Age

CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE EQUESTRIAN GIANT: Some of the proportions of the huge animal carved in the chalk are: Length from head to tail, 163 ft.; height, 117 ft.; length of tail, 73 ft. In the past 200 years there have been certain minor changes in the shape owing to the natural processes of erosion.

Among the White Horses carved in the chalk downs of Southern England, the figure at Uffington, in Berkshire, is the most famous. The runner-up is probably the horse on Bratton Hill, above Westbury, in Wiltshire. Anyone who looks out from the window on a train travelling on the main line from London to Penzance or on the cross-country line from Salisbury to Bristol, cannot fail to see the landmark. In length 163 ft., the chalk animal dominates the downland scene. Recently the Westbury horse has been classified as an ancient monument and restoration of it is being carried out by the Ministry of Works. A mixture of chalk and cement is being spread over the surface which should ensure its preservation for many years to come.

Wiltshire is rich in White Horses, having six of them altogether. But Westbury's is the only one with a long history. In its present form it has existed for over two centuries, the outline having been carved about 1720. But beneath the animal which is seen to-day is the outline of a much older figure. Some say it was cut in the ninth century to commemorate a victory by King Alfred over the Danes. (This explanation is also applied to the Uffington Horse.) Others hold that the figure is much older and has a connection with the Iron Age camp which lies close to it. No satisfactory theory has ever been propounded as to why White Horses were cut in the distant past, nor is it clear why they appear to be confined to a small section of the country. They may have had some religious significance or possibly were marks of the possession of a region by certain tribes. There is no obvious reason for them, as there is in the case of certain other southern county chalk monuments, such as the Giant of Cerne Abbas, in Dorset, or the Long Man at Wilmington, on the South Downs.

WORK ON THE PRESERVATION OF AN ANCIENT MONUMENT: Under the direction of the Clerk of the Works, the chalk and concrete mixture is spread on the back and the tail. Wiltshire is rich in White Horses of chalk, there being six altogether in the county. Only the one at Westbury can claim a long history.

THE OFFICES BEHIND ANTIQUE SHOPFRONTS AT SYON LODGE: Inside is carried on the remarkable antique business whose wares are displayed throughout nine acres of the gardens at Syon Lodge, near Isleworth, in Middlesex, a dower house of the Dukes of Northumberland. The collection includes statuary, wrought iron, interior furnishings, porcelain and even parts of old buildings from all over Britain and from abroad. The firm was founded by the late Mr. Bert Crowther, who died recently, and is now managed by his widow and others of his family. Some fifty craftsmen are employed on restoration of the antiques, and their workrooms are also concealed behind old shopfronts. Additions are constantly being made from sales at country houses and other historic places. Articles are often loaned to film companies.

A UNIQUE ANTIQUE SHOP

Nine Acres at Syon Lodge, in Middlesex, are Filled with Treasures

AMONG THE VARIETY OF ANTIQUES: *Left, above*—**A gardener tends a bed under a bust of Gladstone.** *Right*—**Mr. Derek Crowther (seated) examines a Chinese kylin on the terrace of the apartment occupied by himself and his wife.**

AN OLD FORM OF TRANSPORT: Workmen carry an eighteenth-century sedan chair. They have to pick their way past an accumulation of statuary, flowered urns and fireplaces and a portico. These are only a minute part of the collection of antiques in the nine acres at Syon Lodge.

IN THE FORECOURT: Members of the staff bring furniture down the stairs from Mrs. Bert Crowther's private residence, which was converted from the stables at Syon Lodge. The old clock came from Eastwood Towers, in Kent.

TOWER CRANES AND BRITISH BUILDING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

BUILDING was once described unkindly as the craft that missed the industrial revolution: since the war, it has been catching up a little. Some of the basic materials and operations of construction, certainly, have not altered essentially since Cheops' contractor built the pyramids. Stone and masons play less of a part to-day, but bricks, cement, plaster and their attendant craftsmen are still the core of the business, at least in Britain. Since the war the steady increase in the cost of labour—not only of the craftsmen themselves, but the wages of the unskilled labourers who fetch and carry their materials to them on the site—has driven master builders to mechanise as much of the handling as possible to make the best use of these key men and speed up operations generally. To the passer-by, one piece of equipment has rightly symbolised this growth of mechanisation—the tower crane, perched gaunt and spidery against the sky on hundreds of building sites in Britain.

Ten years ago there were none of these cranes in this country. They had first been devised in Germany shortly after the First World War; by the late '30's, they were fairly well established in building practice in Germany, France and Switzerland. The way in which they reached Britain forms a better example than one can often find of how Government and co-operative research can, on occasion, help private enterprise—particularly in an industry such as building, where the typical firm is an extremely small one without much chance of developing new equipment on its own.

The reason the tower crane had developed in Europe rather than here was not simply a matter of British conservatism in building: it arose mainly from the fact that the habit of living in flats is far more widespread on the Continent. The tower crane is particularly suitable for multi-storey building; it was not until after the war that anybody thought of using it for building two-storey houses on any considerable scale.

The idea originated in what was then the scientific division of the Ministry of Works, concerned generally with improving building techniques and at that time particularly anxious to find powered equipment of all kinds that might help speed up the housing programme. Officials visited the Continent immediately after the war, and considered buying a Swiss tower crane: but the crane was too large for use on two-storey building, and the project had to be shelved. But the vast job of post-war rehabilitation in France and Germany caused a boom in the manufacture of these tower cranes: new firms came into the business, offering a wider range of designs. Within a few years, a German manufacturer was offering a small one that the Building Research Station (developed from the original Ministry department) thought promising enough to buy for house-building experiments here.

Even before they had found the crane they wanted, the research workers had worked out the jobs they thought it could do. A small traditional British house takes perhaps 140 tons of materials, most of which have to be moved more than once; over the whole period of the job, the equivalent of perhaps 400 tons have to be moved. At the end of the war, most materials were being dumped on the site, and then moved in wheelbarrows, or on hods; some powered hoists were being used, and gradually powered barrows came in, but these could move only either horizontally or vertically, not both at once.

Any crane combines both these operations; but most angled-jib cranes need elaborate adaptation to obtain the reach and height necessary, on a small and possibly uneven site. Those that could do it were usually too costly for small-scale house-building. The tower crane, with its long jib pivoting at the top of a mast higher than the structure being built, comparatively lightly constructed and made for quick erection and dismantling, offers a versatile tool that can handle most of the multifarious jobs of lifting; it is comparatively mobile, being mounted on rails laid round the site; and it is comparatively cheap.

The Building Research Station carried out some preliminary tests on their smallish crane (it was 43 ft. high, with a 39-ft. jib), and then put it to work building a batch of council houses at Norwich, where the city authorities were keen on the experiment. The job was a remarkable success: the thirty-two houses were completed in the time normally needed to complete twenty with the same labour strength, and Norwich obtained a saving estimated at about £100 a house. The savings did not all come from the installation of the crane; but it facilitated a much closer planning of the whole cycle of operations. This practical demonstration may be said to have set off the sale of tower cranes in this country. A few master builders bought cranes, tried them out, and published equally favourable reports; then many more began ordering. To-day, there are probably 500 or more in use in the country.

There are two main types in use, technically and visually very different. One usually looks rather like an inverted "L"; the other, which always has a counterweight out at the other side of the mast opposite the lifting jib, looks more like a "T" with one side of the horizontal cross-stroke much longer than the other. One comes from basic German designs; the other from France.

The German type of crane moves its load towards the mast by lifting the jib at an angle with the top of the mast; its whole mast usually slews when the jib swings its loads round laterally, and its control cabin is generally outside the mast, often at the base where the mast swings on its turntable. The counterweighted jib of the French type, on the other hand, remains horizontal; the load is moved towards or away from the mast by a small travelling carriage running along the bottom of the jib. Moreover, the mast is a fixed one; the turntable is at the point where the jib crosses the mast, fixed so that the jib swings round a fixed pivot, and the control cabin is within the framework of the mast, usually just below the jib. Both types have their advantages.

BRITISH-MADE TOWER CRANES IN LONDON: *Left*—**At work in Holborn is a 5-ton monotower crane made by Butters Brothers and Company, of Glasgow and London. The structure consists of a tower and a derricking type of jib.** *Right*—**A Butters monotower crane emerges from a building in the construction by Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons of the now nearly completed new offices of the Metal Box Company in Baker Street.**

The tower crane has proved a successful example of introducing foreign techniques; but it also demonstrated some of the difficulties of doing so. Most of these arose from the fact that none of the regulations governing the use, the safety or the insurance of existing British cranes quite applied to this very different one. It had, for example, to withstand very considerable "wind loading," both when in use and when standing out of use erected on a high site; on the other hand, it needed to be a very light structure, and steel of the thickness usually specified against corrosion for cranes of comparable size in Britain would have made the whole equipment too heavy for easy transport in sections and quick erection. Various compromises had to be worked out; the corrosion risk was eased on a frame that is dismantled and erected so often, which allows more frequent inspection and painting.

Practically all tower cranes use electric motors operating from the ordinary mains supply; originally there were some difficulties in bringing Continental control and safety warning gear into line with British regulations. Similar electrical difficulties may have had something to do with the rather remarkable fact that the United States appears to have ignored the tower crane completely.

Most of the builders in Britain who own these cranes bought them from the Continent; French and German firms are strongly entrenched in the market, and the scale of manufacture there makes it difficult to match their equipment in price. A British Standards specification has eventually been arrived at covering the whole range of tower cranes, however, and a number of British crane makers have now ventured into the field with their own designs, such as Butters of Glasgow and Wickham, a London firm. One would expect the market to offer fair opportunities; there are features peculiar to British building which might offer scope for specialised development.

The Building Research Station is to-day at some pains to emphasise that the tower crane is not a magic tool, simply a very convenient mechanical handling device that can be adapted to a large number of situations. One thing the experts do argue is that this particular piece of equipment, allowing rapid delivery of materials all over a building site at the right times, does enable builders to plan their work much more tightly than before, and to get the full advantage of traditionally-skilled craftsmen in conventional building operations.

The crane's versatility, however, is encouraging builders to less conventional techniques, using other innovations. Considerably larger precast concrete sections are now being used by some builders; the crane makes it possible to handle sections easily that were cumbersome to employ before. In building offices—and increasingly, in building the high blocks of flats that are being decided on more and more as urban congestion continues to grow—larger tower cranes, and new types which can be fitted within the structure, "climbing" up with extra sections as the floors mount above each other, are now in use. The tower crane is in no sense revolutionising British building; but it is one of the agents of change in a craft that becomes less traditional every year.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On right—

SCOTLAND'S NEW TANKER JETTY

This is an artist's impression of how the British Petroleum Company's Ocean Terminal, now being built at Finnart, on Loch Long, in Scotland, will look when the work has been completed next year. The right foreground of the design shows the new deep-water berthing facilities, now in the course of construction. When completed, the jetty will be capable of accommodating super-class tankers. The new jetty, which is situated about half a mile south of B.P.'s present tanker jetty installation, will be connected to the shore by 180-ft.-long arms made of concrete, one of which will carry a roadway for light vehicles. A pipe track will be laid along another. The jetty head will be about 330 ft. in length.

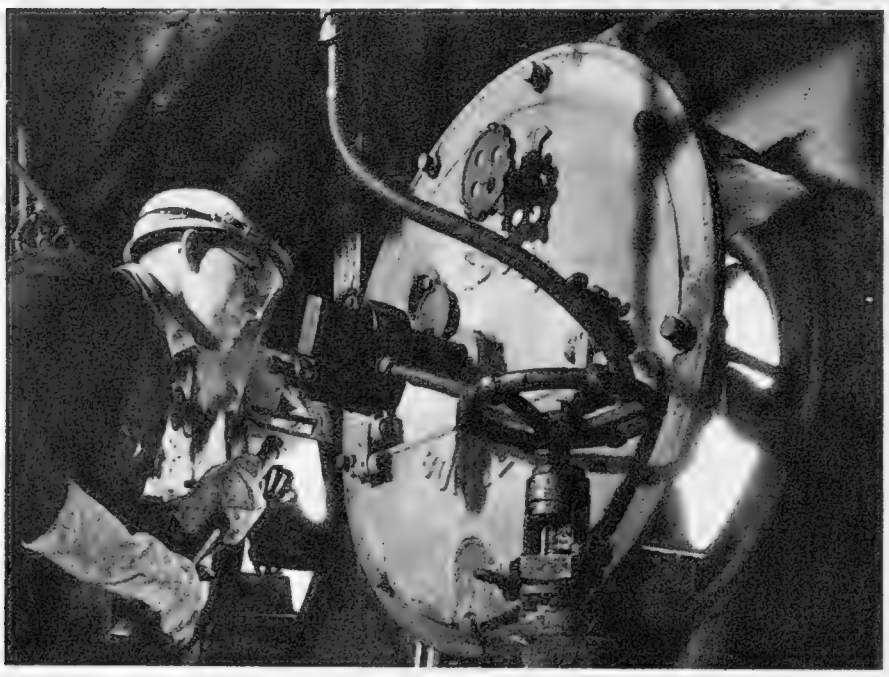
Below—

AN INFLATABLE WAREHOUSE

A dome-shaped portable warehouse which takes only sixty minutes to erect has recently been manufactured by the Pike Company, of Toronto, Canada. The building has no visible support, being held up entirely by air. It consists of a number of thin fibre panels which are sewn together and sealed with a vinyl coating. To erect the "airhouse" the fabric is spread out on the ground and an air inflator attached to one corner. This inflates the structure at a controlled low level. When blown up, it is secured to the ground by sandbags which are placed in specially constructed pockets round the base. When deflated, the warehouse makes a package only 5 ft. long and 3 ft. wide.

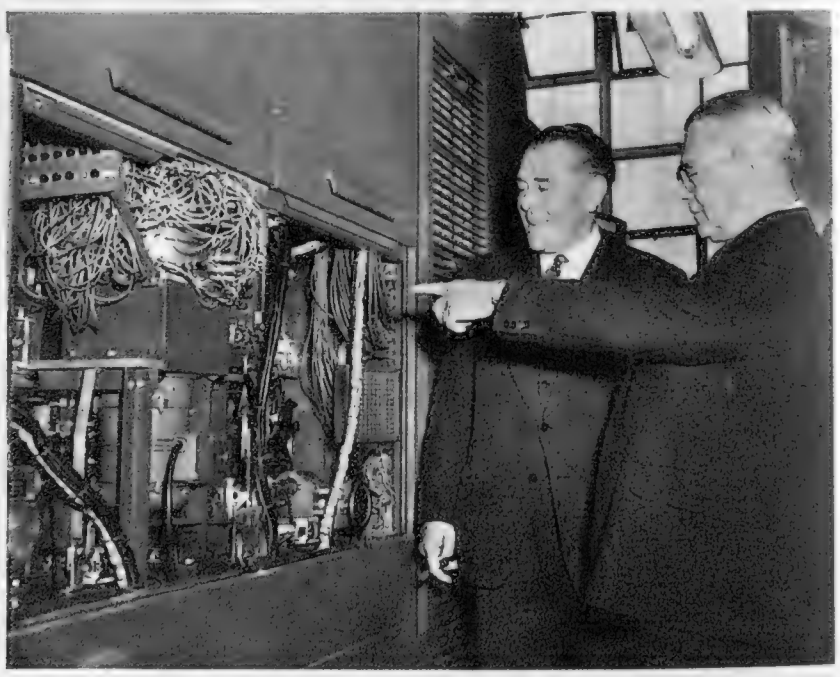
A NEW DESIGN FOR AN AMERICAN RAILWAY TANKER

A railway worker standing on the last of a line of new high-pressure, uninsulated railway tankers for carrying petrol gives an all-clear signal as they start to roll along a railway track at the A.C.F. Industries Plant at Milton, in America. They are the first railway tankers of their kind to be built and were approved by the American Interstate Commerce Commission. The new tankers are much lighter than their predecessors and have a greatly increased load capacity. One of the first orders, for more than 700, has been placed by the Phillips Petroleum Company.



PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN INDUSTRY

The picture reproduced above is a black-and-white copy of the winning colour transparency at the 38th National Exhibition of the Institute of British Photographers, which was opened at the R.B.A. Galleries, in Suffolk Street, at the beginning of this month. The picture was taken by Mr. Eric Willmott, of Shell Petroleum Company's Photographic Unit. It shows an operator changing the burner on heaters at the No. 1 Distillation Unit at the company's Stanlow Refinery at Ellesmere Port, Cheshire. The exhibition covers many fields of professional photography and demonstrates to the general public the many ways in which photography is used. A large number of the photographs at this year's exhibition stressed the increasing use of the camera industry.



AN ELECTRONIC COMPUTER FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS

Mr. R. F. Hanks, chairman of the Western Region Area Board of the British Transport Commission, on right, points out parts of interest of an electronic computer to Mr. S. G. Hern, the chief operating superintendent of the Western Region of British Railways. The Powers-Samas computer has been installed in the Regional Accounts Office at Swindon. It can feed, process and punch up to 7,200 cards an hour, and compile the paybills of 10,000 railway workers in the area. After receiving details of the varying hourly rates of overtime and details of bonuses and allowances, the machine can work out and deduct income-tax. The computation from "hours worked" to "net pay" takes only two seconds per employee.

A DISASTER IN LANCASHIRE

Subsidence Wrecks Seventeen Houses in Farnworth, Near Manchester

Seventeen houses were wrecked and the inhabitants of more than a hundred others were evacuated in the town of Farnworth, in Lancashire, after subsidence had taken place in an area comprising six streets last week. Fortunately no one was hurt in the disaster. A grocer's shop and a slaughterhouse were among the buildings destroyed and trains on the near-by Manchester to Bolton line were delayed for some time after it been flooded by two fractured water mains.

The direct cause of the subsidence, which was reported to have been like a "creeping earthquake," is believed to have been the collapse of the town's main sewer, which runs under Fylde Street, the centre of the destruction. This collapse was attributed to heavy rain storms which had over-filled the sewer and to a deeper root cause of "ladder mining" to a depth of 80 ft., which was carried out near by about a hundred years ago.

A claim for compensation for mining subsidence was formally lodged with the National Coal Board by the Town Council of Farnworth, but the Mayor, Councillor John Seddon, said that making a claim for compensation was normal procedure for a local authority to follow; it did not mean that the blame for the subsidence had been "laid at the Board's door." He promised that the Council would accept the moral obligation of re-housing the people who had lost their homes.

A "CREEPING EARTHQUAKE" NEAR MANCHESTER: Water seeps into a chasm 40 ft. square and 20 ft. deep after a minor "earthquake" in Farnworth, Lancashire, last week. Seventeen houses were wrecked in six streets affected by subsidence and over one hundred others were evacuated, more than 300 people having to leave their homes and find temporary accommodation elsewhere.

HOUSES WRECKED BY SUBSIDENCE: Fylde Street, the road worst affected by the subsidence, brings to mind scenes of wartime bombing. Fortunately no one was hurt. The Town Council of Farnworth formally lodged a claim for compensation with the National Coal Board.

A COMPLETELY DESTROYED HOME: Debris is strewn across the street in front of one of the houses which caved in after the main sewer running under it had collapsed in the small Lancashire industrial town.

SURVEYING THE DAMAGE: Crowds gather to inspect the vast chasm, from a safe distance. Among other buildings damaged or destroyed in the disaster were a grocer's shop and a slaughterhouse. Trains on a nearby local line were delayed when the tracks were flooded by two fractured water mains.

The World of Books

PRISONER OF THE JAPANESE

A Missionary's Inspiring Book ; Two Adventurous Lives ; Essays by Richard Church ; Bull-fighting ; Mrs. Parkinson Keyes' New Novel and Other Fiction

THE Reverend James Benson, before he died some months ago, wrote the story of his war experiences and what could have been—and in many aspects necessarily was—a record of savagery, terror and brutality became a heartening story of a man's faith and endurance. PRISONER'S BASE AND HOME AGAIN (Robert Hale. 15s.) gives a picture of New Guinea as James Benson knew it from 1937, when he settled there as a missionary, to 1942, when he was captured by the Japanese. From that date until his release at the end of the war a close imprisonment was the least of his miseries and he has written here of tortures, beatings and acts of indecent violence which he witnessed in those years. His tolerance of spirit may well strike the reader as amazing and so it is, for he was not only a man of great character but a practising Christian. This is an inspiring book.

ALL MY SINS (Harrap. 18s.) is as different a volume of autobiography as it would be possible to find. In this Mr. Hans Habe tells the story of his worldly and amazingly varied life; a life in which he has been a journalist, a best-selling novelist, editor-in-chief of Prince Starhemberg's newspapers, a soldier in the Foreign Legion and the American Army and a much-married man. I well remember the success of his first book, *A Thousand Shall Fall*, which was published in 1941 and gave an account of his experiences of, among other things, escaping from a German prison camp. In the United States at that time he became the most leonine of lions and, by a natural American corollary, went to Hollywood. The present book tells of that as it tells of Vienna or Geneva, of his marriage to an ambassador's daughter or a luncheon with Litvinoff. Mr. Habe, whose name was originally Bekessy and who was originally Hungarian, believes in candour as the linchpin of an autobiographical style and uses it with effect. He is also amusingly anecdotal and proves himself a man with a quick, wry sense of humour. The translation from the German has been made by E. Osers.

The next autobiography has an even more exotic setting although it lacks either the gossip or the heart-searching of the last book. GREEN LIGHT FOR ADVENTURE (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is the story of a Norwegian who, as a youth, went to South America with a full equipment of wanderlust and optimism and remained there for the greater part of his life, changing his employment frequently, travelling from the Matto Grosso to the jungle, over the high Andes to Peru or north to Venezuela and learning, now about Henry Ford's Brazilian rubber project, now about the Jivaro method of shrinking human heads. Mr. Oddm. Ljone has not only the most distinctive of names but an eye for oddities and adventures and the power of recounting them. The translation from the Norwegian has been made by Mr. Maurice Michael.

The brief essays in Mr. Richard Church's new book, SMALL MOMENTS (Hutchinson. 16s.), are concerned with the nearer civilisations of England and Italy and they are both satisfying and exciting. Here the ordinary stuff of country life—a rainy day, a night of storm, haymaking, a frosty morning—are caught by the poet's perception and conveyed with the poet's simplicity and art. Miss Joan Hassall's wood-engravings admirably suit the mood of the writing and its exquisite precision.

From the beautiful placidity of a Kentish landscape to Spain and one of its traditions. Mr. Angus Macnab has described his book, THE BULLS OF IBERIA (Heinemann. 30s.), with some modesty as " an account of what happens in the bull-ring, with some hints on how to get the best out of what you see and how to distinguish the good stuff from the fake." It is all this and more, for the author, a New Zealand-Scots Londoner, has lived in Spain since the end of the last war and is now a naturalised citizen. He is also a writer who has devoted an immense amount of attention to bull-fighting, actually making notes during the action and tracing the genealogy of the breeds of bulls back to their native provinces. His book may not convince you that the *plaza de toros* is the ideal place to spend an afternoon, but it will tell you as much about the background and the drama of the bullfight as it would be humanly possible to learn without a practical experience like his own. The photographs, incidentally, are superb.

As for novels, the first four of them are by women writers and have in common a deep concern for the rights (sentimental or material) of women. I have only made a point of this because not all female novelists feel compelled to the same solidarity. As it is, the first two of this batch have the same human problem to deal with, though differently treated. Miss Rosalind Wade has written

THE TWENTY-NINTH P.E.N. CLUB CONGRESS IN TOKYO: The President of the Japanese P.E.N. centre addresses delegates at the opening ceremony of the twenty-ninth International P.E.N. Congress at the Sankei Hall, in Tokyo. Leading literary personalities from both sides of the Iron Curtain were present. Among the British writers were Stephen Spender, George Mikes and Philip Hope-Wallace.

MRS. JAMISON'S DAUGHTER (Hutchinson. 15s.) which, upon reflection, is really about the divorce laws as they exist to-day but which also, by deft and sympathetic writing, appears to be a study of extremely intelligent, affectionate people, at least as sensible as the rest of us and bewildered by their situation. Touching, sometimes confused, but on the whole as real as everyday existence. I don't know whether that is a recommendation, or not !

THE EVERLASTING ANSWER (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) starts its plot from a nearly identical springboard: a much-loved woman, a husband forcibly detained abroad and a baby whose future will depend on the charity of his mother's husband. Miss Stella Morton writes agreeably as always but, for the first time, it occurred to me that she was not above loading her literary dice. There are, for instance, three men of major importance in this story. One is the husband, one the lover, one the doctor-adviser-lover *manqué*. The lover is killed almost before he has a claim to the title. The husband loafs around in a highly unsympathetic way, making good business deals and (once) hitting a child. The friendly doctor makes a hash of pretty nearly everything. The odd reaction to this is that the reader prefers any or all of them to the put-upon heroine and I am sure that that is not what Miss Morton meant.

Miss Christianna Brand has written such excellent thrillers that it requires a little wrench to think of her in the field of straight or slightly decorated fiction. THE THREE-CORNERED HALO (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is an entertaining story about a Mediterranean island with old traditions, as expressed by feudalism and smuggling, and a mid-twentieth-century respect for tourists and their demands. Miss Brand has so much humour and is so generous with it in her writing that her plot creeps up out of the trivial into the shelter of the *South Wind* buttress. But I still look forward to her next thriller.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Sheila Pim, reminds one how long it is since one was really in touch with Dublin life and, more exactly, with the social life that surrounds Dublin at a distance of thirty or more miles and has no relation to English suburban life at all. Here is another writer whom one knows from detective stories and who now chooses to write, more or less calmly, about life without accident. It may be ungenerous to regret this new ploy but, agreeable as both novels are, I can't help thinking that they would be the more readable (if not the better) for the spice of violence or mystery.

The historical romances and the escapes into the near and far pasts are so well represented that I can do no more than give you an impression of them, beginning with Mr. Philip Lindsay's THROUGH MIDNIGHT STREETS (Hutchinson. 15s.). As always, this author relies on solid research work and on an individual way of clothing the bare shape of his facts. The setting in this case is London, slum, tenement and prison, in the mid-nineteenth century and imaginatively and well has this talented Australian author dealt with them.

ELIZA CALLAGHAN (W. H. Allen. 15s.), by Mr. Robert S. Close, is the story of an Irish girl who was deported to a penal settlement in Australia in that same century and there, after immense handicaps and difficulties, made a life for herself. Soundly based on historical fact and, in its cumulative effect, moving.

LIZA BOWE (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), by Shirley Barker, is a story of Elizabethan England, and particularly London, as seen through the eyes of a servant girl from an inn in Cambridge. Kit Marlowe, Nashe and Greene, even Shakespeare come into these pages but the result is lively and at least half-way possible to the eyes of the sympathetic reader.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes is one of those writers who achieve the same kind of implacable momentum as an avalanche or, more exactly, a glacier. Her books seem to be produced without fanfare, and read and digested in their thousands without noisy repercussions. The fact is, however, that she is a serious and extraordinarily talented historical novelist whose most recent book, BLUE CAMELLIA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), is, in my opinion, the best thing she has done and the most dramatic.

Vernon Fane

Pearl Harbour was the immediate cause of the entry of the United States into the Second World War. December 7, 1941, was a tragic but historic day for the American people. In DAY OF INFAMY (Longmans, Green. 18s.) Walter Lord gives an account of those epoch-making hours in the same way as he told, in his previous book, the story of the sinking of the *Titanic*. It is a brilliant technique. The close focus is brought to bear on the doings of hundreds of participants in the drama, from the bridge of Admiral Nagumo's carrier to the far from watchful listening posts in Hawaii, back again to the cockpits of the torpedo-bombers, and then returning to the sleepy-eyed naval base where not a soul dreamed that this was the last moment of peace. It is all well done, superbly so, but every technique has its limitations. Some of the touches are trivial to the point of being ludicrous. Surely Mr. Lord does not ask us to accept them as the stuff of history. Mrs. Garnett King at the height of the bombing calls on the local garage to have her car washed, and Mr. Arthur Land transfers 20 gallons of salad from a caterer's truck to his own car in order to be ready for the Odd Fellows picnic. War is always like that. For Mr. Lord this aspect of incongruity seems to have an all-compelling fascination.

Using much the same technique, only with greater skill and variation, Jim Bishop has written a book about the most dramatic day in the history of the world. It is called THE DAY CHRIST DIED (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) and is written with deep reverence, even if the approach is that of a journalist historian rather than that of a theologian or exegesis scholar. The sense of contemporary drama is heightened by the author's understanding of political life during the Roman Occupation of Palestine.

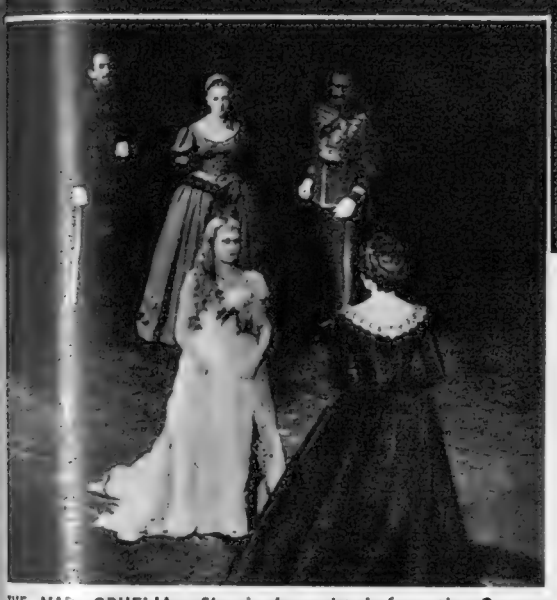
THE CLOSE FOCUS

A Presentation of Popular History

Edward Gordon Craig, the talented son of Ellen Terry, first made his name acting in Irving's company at the Lyceum. Afterwards he produced operas and plays in London, Berlin, Florence, and Moscow, and emerged as a world influence upon stage technique. Now he has started out on his autobiographical adventure. He calls it INDEX TO THE STORY OF MY DAYS and Volume I takes us from the years of his birth in 1872 in Railway Street, Stevenage, to 1907 when E. G. C. was well launched as a producer. This is a most unusual kind of autobiography, lushly presented by Hulton Press at 35s., with a strongly Edwardian flavour about the binding and layout, and written disjointedly from dates and facts scribbled in notebooks in the long ago. It is a fascinating work, not least in its glimpses of Ellen Terry's life in London, of the great *ménage* required to sustain her in her exacting career, and of the bevy of women who surrounded her and who, it seems, made her pay in hard cash just for being Ellen Terry. There is a glowing tribute to the late J. M. Bulloch, of THE SPHERE (Assistant to Clement Shorter, the first Editor), who bought for this journal one of Craig's first colour woodcuts, praising it handsomely and, in a measure, giving him the encouragement that set him on his way.

Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, Chelsea neighbour of Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, fellow writer on ghostly hauntings, has produced a most nerve-wracking book which she

SHAKESPEARE IN AN ORIGINAL STYLE OF DRESS: In *Hamlet* at the Old Vic the players (David Waller and Margaret Courtney), wearing crowns, perform before Gertrude (Coral Browne) and Claudius (Jack Gwillim) on their thrones and Polonius (Derek Francis), seated beside them. Hamlet (John Neville) and Ophelia (Judi Dench) are in the right foreground. The costumes represent European Court dress at any time in the past 100 years.



THE MAD OPHELIA: She is brought before the Queen. In selecting the period costumes, Michael Benthall, the producer, is understood to aim at giving *Hamlet* a sense of "timelessness" more apparent than when the cast are dressed in the conventional Elizabethan clothes.

HAMLET AT THE OLD VIC

The 1957-58 season of the Old Vic opened last Wednesday with a production of *Hamlet* which is especially notable for two reasons. First of all, Michael Benthall, the producer, has dressed the cast in costumes designed by Audrey Cruddas which are intended to represent European Court dress at any time during the past hundred years. There is, of course, nothing original in presenting *Hamlet* (and other Shakespeare plays) in settings and costumes which depart from the conventional Elizabethan. A few years ago Mr. Benthall himself produced a Victorian *Hamlet*. In his latest version he believes the choice of the rather vaguely-dated Court dress implies the sense of timelessness which is inherent in the tragedy of the Prince of Denmark. How far he is successful is largely a matter of individual decision. The other important point about this *Hamlet* is that John Neville plays the Prince. The play has been brought again into the "five-year plan" for presenting all thirty-six plays in the First Folio in order to allow Mr. Neville to play the part of Hamlet, because it has been thought that his recent development with the Old Vic Company thoroughly merits this. *Hamlet* runs by itself until the middle of next month, when all three parts of *Henry VI* come into the programme. Parts I and II are being done together. The plays later in the season will include *Measure for Measure* and *King Lear*.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING WHEREIN I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING": Hamlet concludes one of his great soliloquies holding a sword and surrounded by various properties of the Players. In the opening production of the new season at the Old Vic, John Neville is playing the Prince for the first time.

s GHOSTS VIVISECTED (Robert Hale. 18s.). All rappings and tappings are there, and other inexplic- e phenomena, and she dwells at length on the con- ious hauntings at Beavor Lodge which by all accounts npletely put Borley Rectory in the shade. These ntings continued over a period of twenty-five hair- ing years, and in part revolve round the story of the ners who, discovered at their work by an old lady, said to have stitched her up in a sack and thrown into the Thames at Hammersmith. The undeniable ntings have received the testimony of Sir William hmond and members of his family, also of John kin and many other visitors to Beavor Lodge. While facts remain irrefutable the mystery remains insoluble. s. Stirling's narration of events is first-rate, and erever possible she is sternly factual.

EXPLORING CASTLES (Routledge and Kegan il. 21s.) has been written to meet the need of people o on their travels round the country at holiday time lly want to know the background of the medieval le and the life that was lived there. Douglas Simpson done his work well, and numerous photographs and drawings emphasise many of the points made in text.

In THE SWIFT RUNNER (Allen and Unwin. 45s.) ly Wentworth, who died recently, presents a lavishly strated account of the development of the Arab breed, Anglo-Arab breed, and the thoroughbred of classic e. This is a book for the expert. It is finely produced should find its way into the home of every person iously interested in racing, showing, bloodstock eding and the world of the horse in general.

R. C. E.

HOLIDAYS NEAR BALMORAL, ABERDEENSHIRE : Captain Alwynne Farquharson (wearing kilt), the Laird of Invercauld, leads his guests to the venue for a picnic luncheon on his estates near Balmoral. Mrs. Maria Springer, from America, is in the right foreground. In the last few years Invercauld has been modernised and the house has become a guest house in which visitors can enjoy the pleasures of a Scottish Highland mansion. The partner of Captain Farquharson in this project is his wife, formerly Miss Frances Oldham, the daughter of a Seattle lawyer. Many of their guests come from America. Invercauld runs with the Royal estate at Balmoral.

HIGHLAND HOLIDAY

Transatlantic Visitors Entertained at the Home of a Scottish Laird

A Scottish landowner, Captain Farquharson, the Laird of Invercauld, has found a means of maintaining the way of life traditional to Clan chieftains in the Highlands. The head of the Farquharson Clan, he has renovated his family home, Invercauld House, near Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, and turned it into a guest house for foreign visitors, chiefly from the United States. He has also modernised the ancient crofts and cottages, revived the old arts and crafts of the Highlands, restocked his game preserves and made many improvements on the farm of the estate, which had deteriorated during the war.

The inspiration for these ventures is said to have come from his American wife, whom he married in 1949. She suggested that her compatriots would be greatly attracted by the idea of staying at Invercauld House, which runs with the Royal estate of Balmoral, and would also enjoy the local sport, such as grouse shooting and salmon fishing. Her forecast was correct. Many transatlantic guests now come each year to stay with them. In addition to hunting and fishing, the Farquharsons take their visitors walking across the moors and on visits to Highland Games. This year a party attended the Braemar Gathering and found themselves sitting close to the Queen. Balmoral, the Queen's Scottish home, was sold to her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, by a member of the Farquharson family in the last century. The profit from the guest house is not great, but it allows no more than a maintenance of traditional standards.

RELAXING ON THE INVERCAULD ESTATE: Captain Farquharson points out a beauty spot in his grounds to two American visitors, Mrs. MaCauley, on the left, and Mrs. Springer.

THE LAIRD'S HOME : A flag flies from a tower at Invercauld. The mansion is the home of the Laird and Lady of Invercauld, Captain Alwynne Arthur Compton Farquharson and his American wife. When they married in 1949 she suggested that Invercauld House should be renovated and turned into a highland guest house.

CROSSING A BURN : Mr. Stefaus, who comes from Florence, gives a helping hand to Mrs. Farquharson as they cross a stream. Standing in centre, at the back, is Miss Mary MaCauley, daughter of the President of the National Bank of Detroit.

A GOOD SHOT: Mr. Alvan MaCauley, who is the President of the National Bank of Detroit, shoots grouse on the Invercauld grounds. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter. Besides shooting, guests at Invercauld can fish and walk on the moors.

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CARS AT HOME AND ABROAD

A New Hillman Minx Range; The New American Ford Series; Germany's Latest Miniature Car; And Other Motoring Topics

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE arrival on the British motoring scene of the Jubilee Minx is an interesting milestone in automobile development. Sir William Rootes and his brother Reginald have given their 1958 Hillman models this name for two reasons. First, it is twenty-five years since the first Minx left the assembly line, and second, it is exactly fifty years since the first Hillman car was built. It was made by William Hillman and Louis Coatalen and was a formidable 25-h.p. 4-cylinder model designed for the 1907 Isle of Man Tourist Trophy race. Hillman was the proprietor of a small Coventry engineering firm and a pioneer motorist. Coatalen was the clever young French designer who later became famous for his record-breaking exploits in Sunbeam racing cars.

Even when Hillman was building that 60-m.p.h. racer in 1907 he told friends: "A lot of power is being wasted in these big-engined cars. The real future of the industry lies in light family cars." So it is not surprising that in 1909 he produced a 12-h.p. landaulette, followed, three years later, by a successful 9-h.p. model. It was left to the Rootes brothers to revive Hillman's light car ideal. They acquired control of the Hillman firm in 1928 and merged it with the Humber company to found the Rootes Group.

Sir William made sure that his first small Hillman family four-seater was tough enough for everyday use on Continental roads. Already he was thinking in a big way in terms of export trade. So he himself took the Minx prototype over to the Continent and drove it thousands of miles over Belgian pavé, along the straight roads of France, over the Alpine passes and through Italy's torrid summer heat. He even tested the car in the North African desert.

He and his companion, George Vallet, who works for him to this day, learned many lessons and when the Minx finally came on to the market it caused a sensation. At £155 it was Britain's cheapest 10-h.p. four-door car. It had a top speed of around 60 m.p.h. and did between 35 and 40 miles to the gallon. I doubt if even the far-sighted Rootes brothers visualised that the Minx would remain in production for twenty-five years. It has been greatly improved, of course, but the Jubilee Minx still follows the formula on which Sir William based the first of the line. It offers economical family motoring in a good-looking saloon which takes four people in comfort and safety. It does not take up too much room in garage or car park and gives a lively performance out on the open road.

The Jubilee Minx has a new lattice-style radiator grille, engine refinements which give better acceleration and new colour schemes. Changes to the interior trim include door trim pads in contrasting materials, a padded parcel tray rail and a courtesy light operated by the front doors. An automatic clutch—the Manumatic—gives two-pedal control for £56 5s. extra, including tax. Otherwise the prices of all the Minx models remain unchanged—except for the Special Saloon, the cost of which has been reduced by £21, making it £46 10s. cheaper than the de luxe saloon.

THE FORD AUTOMOBILE COMPANY'S NEW AMERICAN CAR: Known as the Edsel, it is made in eighteen models and four series. The model *above* is the four-door hard-top Pacer. *On right*—The model is known as the Citation convertible. It is one of the most luxurious and expensive of the entire range.

That was a wonderful cavalcade of motoring history the R.A.C. laid on the other Sunday as part of the celebrations to commemorate the Club's diamond jubilee. As the parade of nearly 200 vehicles passed through cheering crowds on their way from Battersea Park to the Country Club at Woodcote Park, it formed an animated museum-on-wheels which, for a great many of the spectators, brought early motoring memories flooding back. For instance, there was a Wolverhampton-built Clyno in the parade and a G.N. Also, there was a Gwynne Eight. Those were the days! Less nostalgic but even more interesting, historically, were cars like the 1897 Daimler belonging to Commander E. D. Woolley, of Northampton, and the oldest British car still on the road; the 1898 Stephens, flaunting its independent front suspension with the son of its maker at the wheel; a 1925 M.G., the first of that famous marque to be built; and one of the earliest Baby Austins. The programme was also sprinkled with the names of other famous makes which have formed the backbone of the British motor industry — names like Wolseley and Lagonda, Sunbeam and Standard, Vauxhall and Rolls-Royce. The cavalcade would not have been complete without the 1907 Silver Ghost which rode majestically in the parade.

A NEW GERMAN MINIATURE CAR: One of the latest models to appear on the miniature car market is the N.S.U. Prince. It has two doors, four seats and the engine is fitted in at the rear.

America's new Edsel car is not just another Ford. It is a whole new range of Fords. A new division, in fact, taking its place alongside the existing Ford, Mercury and Lincoln divisions. There are eighteen separate Edsel models, in four distinctive series: Ranger, Pacer, Corsair and Citation. Their prices rise in that order. They are available as saloons, hard-tops, convertibles and estate cars. In Britain the four-door Pacer saloon will cost £2,602 7s., tax included. At the other end of the scale the four-door, hard-top Citation will have a £3,227 17s. price-tag. It's a lot of money, but it's also a lot of motor-car; and don't forget the 30 per cent. duty. This Citation is the last word in gadgetry. Mechanically it is fairly conventional. Suspension, for instance, is by independent coil springs at the front, semi-elliptics at the rear.

The Corsair and Citation ranges will be sold only with automatic transmission. In the case of the Citation the normal control lever is replaced by a cluster of five press-buttons on the steering-wheel boss. They are marked D (for drive), L (for emergency low), N (for neutral), R (for reverse) and P (for parking). To operate these buttons you need less pressure than when using a typewriter. Fords call it the Teletouch system. There will be a Citation at the London Motor Show. The Rangers and Pacers have engines of 5,915 c.c., which is huge by British standards. Those of the more expensive Edsels are even bigger—V-8 monsters of 6,718 c.c.

Slowly but surely the disc brake is invading the family saloon market. It has done its pioneer work with the racing cars. It has nearly finished its apprenticeship in the sphere of the sports car. What more natural than that the first British saloons to be turned out with disc brakes should be sports saloons? There were disc brakes on the Jensen at the last Motor Show. Now the Dunlop variety are being made available on both the 2.4- and 3.4-litre Jaguars. They cost £36 15s. extra, tax included. Jaguars did much to develop and popularise this new fade-resistant type of stopping power on their race-winning Le Mans cars. Disc brakes have been available for some time on cars like the Austin Healey, Triumph TR3 and, of course, the Jaguar XK150. The only other changes in the 1958 Jaguar range are the provision of automatic transmission as an extra on the 2.4-litre saloon (making the Borg-Warner automatic gear-box available on all Jaguar models) and the use on the 2.4-litre Jag. of the 3.4-litre model's wide radiator grille.

The Mobilgas Economy Run was again a great success, especially for Mr. George Kendrick, managing director of a precision engineering business at Warsash, Hampshire, who won the event for the second year running in an Austin. He borrowed an A.105 and in this 2.6-litre, 6-cylinder car he averaged 33.6 miles per gallon. What gained him the top prize, however, was his average of 53.32-ton-m.p.g. And this is where I should explain that for the first time the British Economy Run was organised on a new formula which ensured that all cars, irrespective of size and weight, competed on equal terms. The formula is simple. You take the car's weight, in tons, add a quarter of a ton for the weight of occupants and baggage; multiply by the number of miles travelled; and divide by the number of gallons consumed.

Another British car—Mr. Peter Ford's Sunbeam from Reading—won its class (1,600 c.c. to 2,600 c.c.) with a ton-m.p.g. figure of nearly 52. The classes for the smaller cars were both won by French entries: a Dyna Panhard (50.6) and a Peugeot 403 (53.2). These economy runs are a fascinating form of motor sport. It calls for great skill and judgment to drive economically while keeping in hand a reasonable "safety" margin of time; for competitors have to average at least 30 m.p.h. and are penalised if late. I am convinced this form of rallying can do much to inculcate a new sensitivity among British motorists. We are all inclined to keep our foot too heavily on the accelerator.

The Germans are out to capture the miniature car market. After the Goggomobil and the Janus, the B.M.W. Isetta (a bubblecar of Italian design built under licence in Germany) and the comparable Heinkel cabin cruiser come the B.M.W. 600, a four-seat development of the Isetta, with wheels at all four corners and a new engine at the back; and the N.S.U. Prince, a four-seat, two-door, rear-engined saloon which looks quite pretty and practical. Both B.M.W. and N.S.U. are motor-cycle firms of vast experience. They have carried out a great deal of research and development into the economy car field and they have made plans for production on a scale that will enable them to sell their little runabouts at competitive prices.

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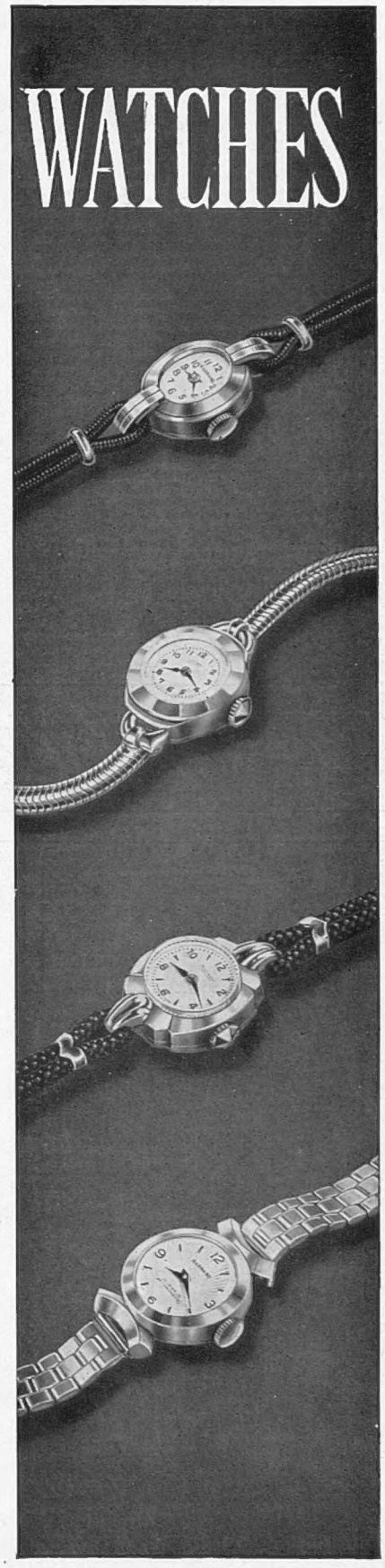

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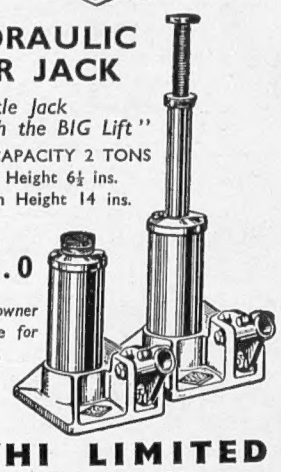

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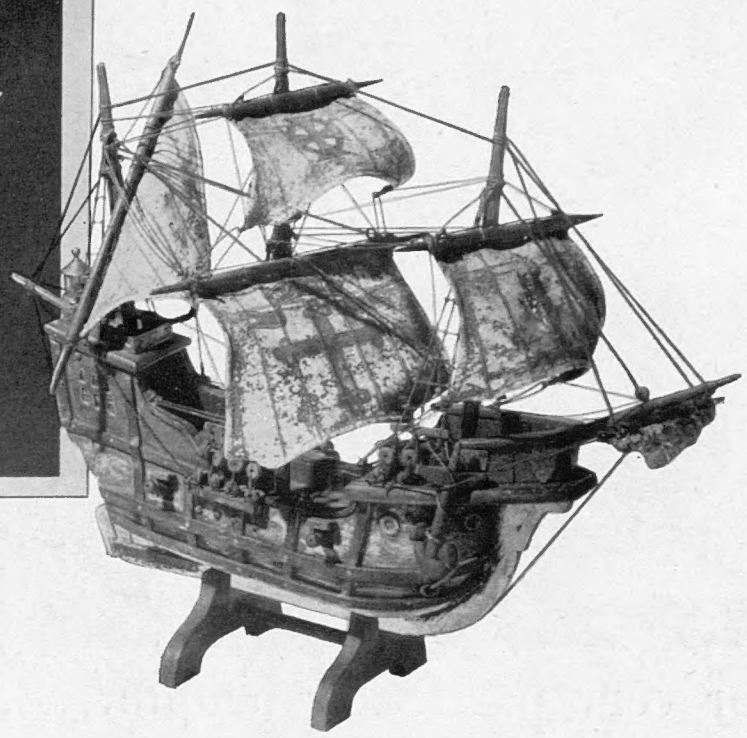

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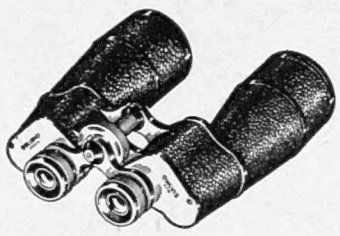

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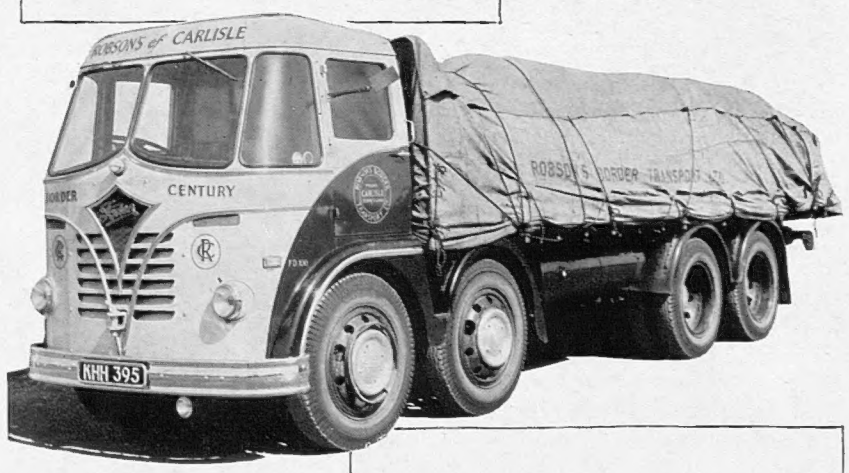

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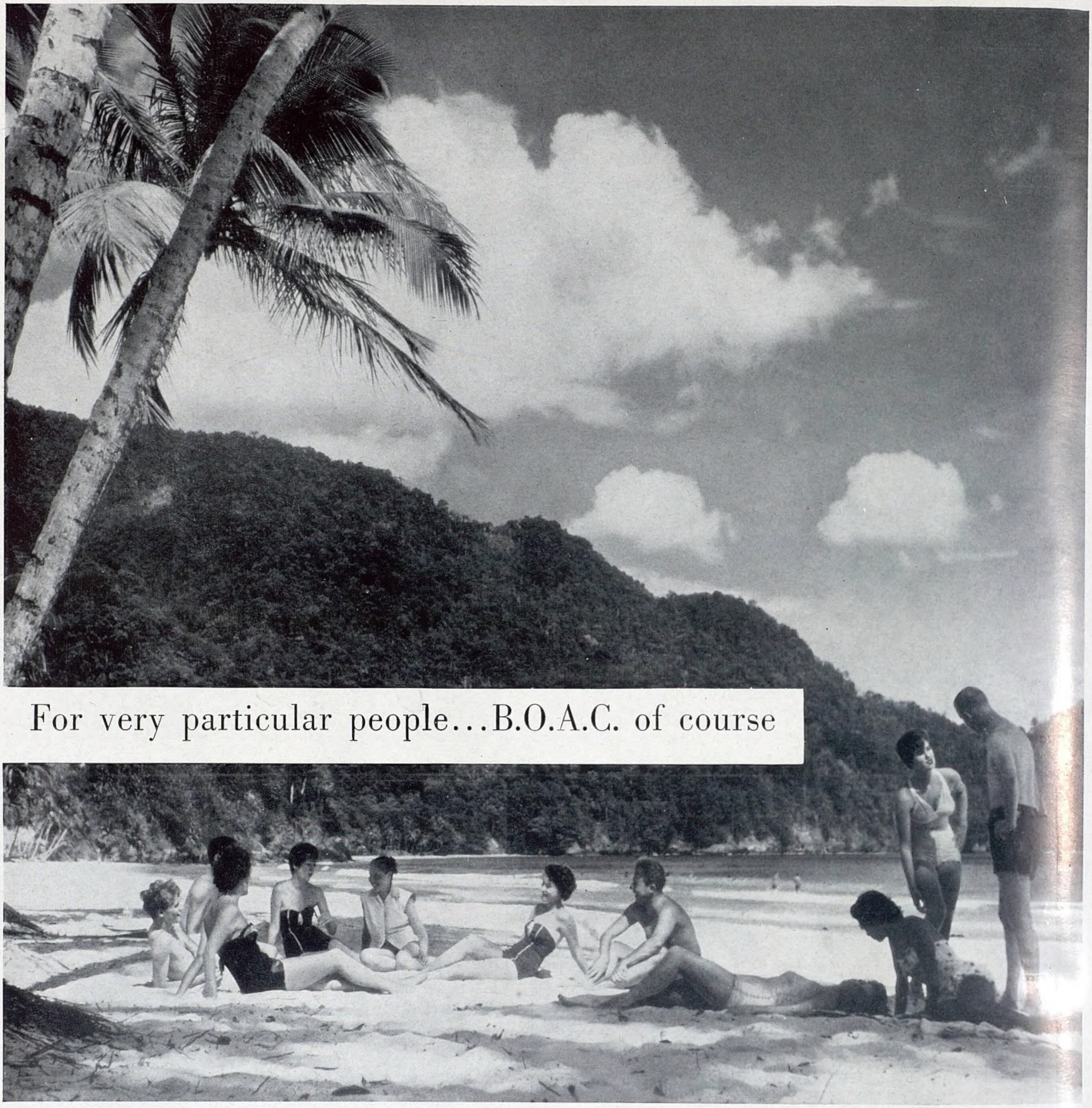

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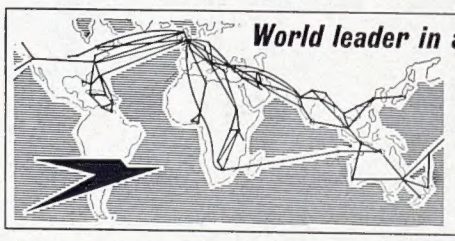

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